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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XVIII.—No. 898.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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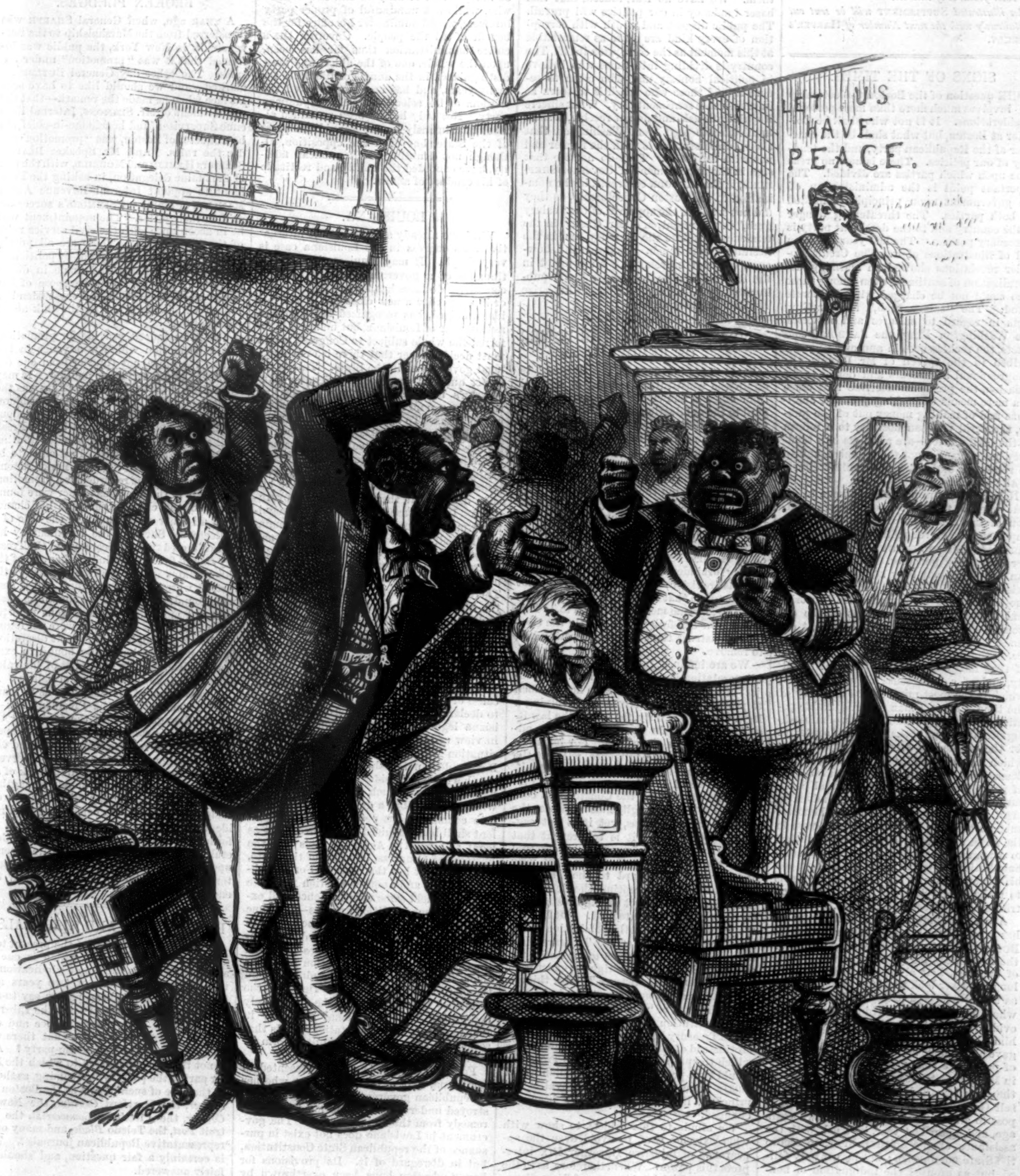

COLORED RULE IN A RECONSTRUCTED (?) STATE.—[See Page 242.]

(THE MEMBERS CALL EACH OTHER THIEVES, LIARS, RASCALS, AND COWARDS.)

Columbia. "You are Aping the lowest Whites. If you disgrace your Race in this way you had better take Back Seats."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 14, 1874.

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The question of the Boston Collectorship involves much more than mere personal considerations. It is not who shall be Collector at Boston, but what shall be the character of the Republican party, and the tendency of our politics. There is now no great issue upon which parties are divided. The important point is the administration of the government upon principles conceded by both parties. The threatening danger to the country and to the dominant party is mercenary politics. The last year has been full of illustrations of it. The Crédit Mobilier revelations showed an alarming demoralization of sentiment even among those who could not be charged with deliberate fraud. The "salary grab," the startling facts in regard to seizures and moieties, the Washington Ring, the SANBORN contracts, the recklessness in appropriation described in the speech of Mr. DAWES, the Congressional arguments and demands for inflation, the prevalent doctrine that office is a mere means of pushing personal ambitions and of making money out of the public, the acrid partisan hostility to a reform of the civil service—are all signs of a tendency and a danger not to be denied, and to be resolutely opposed by the united efforts of all good citizens.

Now, as there is no national issue to divide parties, the control of the organization of the dominant party is of the last importance to clever political gamblers, because it promises to secure them their plunder and their purposes. But their game can be played out only at the cost of the existence of the party. General BUTLER, the chief of the "salary grabbers," an original repudiator, an inflationist of the extremest school, and the most truculent defender of a corrupt system of the civil service, is the most conspicuous representative of that laughing scorn of political morality, and of a high sense of public honor, which is the most mischievous tendency of the time. He is a man of indisputable political ability, of great adroitness, of unblushing effrontery, and of that profound contempt for the people and servile flattery of them which are essential to the accomplished demagogue. He is withal a strict observer of party forms and precedents; and being earnest in nothing but his personal advancement, and of consummate coolness, he never submits to being "bottled up," and even in the midst of contemptuous defeat, and what to a man of fine honor would be shameful humiliation, he gayly turns the laugh upon his adversaries, and for the moment seems to make public decency, honor, purity, patriotism, and sincerity ridiculous.

A curious combination of circumstances has involved the personal career of General BUTLER with the harmony and existence of the Republican party. The immense army of bummers that always surround a party long in power look to him with enthusiasm as their leader and patron. The President, whose original dislike of him is well known, evidently thought that it was better to have him for a friend than an enemy, and this gave him at once an ascendency in the abuse of patronage that made every office-holder in Massachusetts fear his power. This was the lever by which he hoped to make himself Governor of that State, and from that post to aim at the Presidency. Two years ago, and again last year, he tried, with the assistance of the office-holders, to secure the State nomination; but he not only failed, but so aroused the indignation of honorable Republicans that they pointedly denounced him, and indirectly censured the President. How unrelaxed is General BUTLER's purpose, however, and how little affected is the President by the censure, are shown by the nomination to the Collectorship, in defiance of the whole spirit and purpose of the President's civil service reform, of General BUTLER's chief political lieutenant, whom the Republican Convention of Massachusetts had by implication stigmatized for improper interference with the electoral freedom of citizens.

General BUTLER is, we say, the representative of the immoral tendency of our politics. And if the Administration, as seems to be now plainly evident, proposes to sustain him against the representatives of political decency and morality, it will ruin the party. The Republicans of Massachusetts will not accept General BUTLER as their leader; and if by sustaining him the Administration pierces the line of the party in that State, it will be broken every where. Whether Mr. SIMMONS be Collector at Boston or not is comparatively of little importance: his nomination is the serious thing, for it shows that the Administration either does not see the signs of the time, or does not care for them. We have no fear, indeed, that this baser tendency in our politics will prevail. The public disgust and wrath with corruption of every kind are quite as remarkable at this moment as the corruption itself. The country is dividing into those who believe in political honesty and who mean to secure it, and those who laugh it to scorn as impracticable sentimentality. What sincere Republicans ask, and do not receive, is some unmistakable sign from Washington that their Administration is with the former and not with the latter. They do not see that sign in the appointment of Governor SHEPHERD, in the SANBORN contracts, in the nomination to the Boston Collectorship, as they did not see it in the approval of the "salary grab," in the retention of Mr. CASEY, in the tendency to inflate the currency, and in the hesitation to retrench. That demand, however, will not be relaxed. An attempt in the White House to Johnsonize the Republican party failed, and an effort to Butlerize it will be equally useless.

GOVERNOR DIX AND THE POWER OF REMOVAL.

That Governor DIX is not disposed to strain the constitutional power of removal from office is shown by his conduct in regard to the defalcation in the State Treasury which was disclosed last autumn, and by his allusion to the subject in his annual Message. In that document he said: "The Constitution authorizes the Governor to remove the Treasurer for any 'violation of his duty.' In a matter involving the reputation of a public officer it was right, in my judgment, that this provision should be construed strictly, and that the power of removal should not be exercised unless some duty expressly enjoined by law had been omitted, or some act expressly forbidden had been committed. Under this provision, thus interpreted, it did not appear to me that a case had arisen to warrant the extreme measure referred to." This shows how carefully and leniently the Governor construes the clause empowering him to remove.

We are inclined, indeed, to think that his interpretation is much too lenient. The object of such a grant of power is not so much to provide for cases necessarily involving a legal violation of duty, for which the law itself provides, as for those which do not admit of remedy in the courts. For instance, a degree of official negligence, without the least dishonest intent, which greatly facilitates the fraud of others, seems to be precisely the case which the Constitution contemplates. Such negligence exposes the State to enormous loss, yet it is not cognizable by law, and it is to prevent that loss that the power of removal is conferred upon the Governor. Governor DIX very properly said in regard to the Treasurer and his deputies, excepting the defaulting clerk, that there was not the slightest ground for impeaching their integrity. But he added: "There is no doubt the defalcation would have been prevented if the Treasurer had been at his post, and given to his duties the attention the State has a right to exact from the custodian of its treasure." Now this absence and negligence seem to us to be precisely the kind of "violation of duty" which the Constitution contemplates. If the loss to the Treasury had been five millions of dollars instead of three hundred thousand, a loss which the proper diligence of the Treasurer would have prevented, public opinion would justly have demanded his removal. The principle, however, would have been unchanged.

We allude to this subject to show with what extreme care, to avoid even the appearance of injustice, Governor DIX interprets this power. When, therefore, as in the case of the District Attorney of Kings County—Mr. BRITTON—he exercises it and removes the officer, the public may be very sure that it is the result of the most careful deliberation and of the profoundest conviction of duty. An immense body of testimony in this case, obtained as the law directs, was submitted to the Governor. He gave the accused attorney a copy of the charges, and the opportunity to be heard in his defense, which the Constitution requires; and he gave himself ample time to examine the evidence and consider it. The Governor states most clearly and, as we think, conclusively the reasons for his opinion that the District Attorney "has wholly neglected to perform his duty;" and he therefore removes him and appoints a successor. The Governor's action is in strict accordance with the view taken in the Message, that the power of removal should not be exercised "unless some duty expressly enjoined by law had been omitted." This, as we have said, seems to us a rule too stringent. But under this stringent rule the Governor has acted. His conduct in this matter commends him only the more closely to those Republicans who, in voting for him, believed that they were supporting a man who would be independent of all jobs and cliques, and who, while not unmindful of proper party interests, would administer his office for the benefit of all the people. Governor DIX's entire administration thus far has been, upon the whole, one of the ablest and most distinguished in the annals of the State for many years, and has amply vindicated the wisdom of his selection by the Republican party. Not only has he been sustained almost unanimously by the Republican press of the State, but even the opposition, although not doubting his Republican fidelity, have conceded the ability and rectitude of his conduct of affairs.

LOUISIANA.

We have already stated that the alternative for Congress in the Louisiana case is very simple. It may acquiesce in the continuance of a government which its own committee declares has no legal foundation, or it may order a new election. The President, indeed, has recognized Mr. KELLOGG as Governor of Louisiana, but he has also referred the whole subject to Congress, which must decide either that there is or is not a legal government in the State. This is the direct question presented by Senator CARPENTER's bill, which begins by declaring that there are no legal officers or Legislature in Louisiana. To defeat the bill is virtually to declare that the KELLOGG government is legal, which the committee of Congress, sent to Louisiana to investigate the facts, forcibly denies—a declaration in which every well-informed person agrees. To adopt the bill is to decide that there is no legal government. In that case the President's recognition would not enable Mr. KELLOGG to maintain himself by national military power, and no pretended laws of the pretended Legislature, as Mr. CARPENTER describes them, nor any official commissions, would be valid. There would, in fact, be no government in the State, nor would there be any method, under the State Constitution, of obtaining one until the next election. Louisiana would be menaced with anarchy; and in this situation would there be any alternative but to order a new election?

If Congress is unwilling to do this because of constitutional doubts, is it willing to declare the existing government in Louisiana legal? To avoid action altogether, in view of the facts, is to insist that it is a situation which the President must settle. But he does not wish to settle it, and it is not his duty. Besides, is Congress quite willing to make such a precedent? Is it willing to say that a government which its own committee has declared to be fraudulent shall be recognized by the President as legal and valid? Again, if it is not the business of Congress, but that of the State, what prospect has the State? For if nothing be done, and another election for State officers be held some months hence, and exactly the same condition appears—the same conflict, the judge's order, and the appeal to Washington—it must be supposed that Congress would do again as it does now, and thus with its consent a situation which its committee denounces as fraudulent, and therefore a subversion of the rights of the people of the State, would be indefinitely maintained by the national authority in Louisiana. Is that constitutional? Is that securing to the State a republican form of government?

For the question is plainly presented in Louisiana, if it never was before, whether if republican government in a State be destroyed under republican forms, there is no remedy from the United States. The government in Louisiana does not exist in pursuance of the republican State Constitution, but in disregard of it. Its provisions for honest election have been overthrown by fraud. Is the remedy in the State courts? But they sustain the fraud. Is the action of the President conclusive? But he has referred the subject to Congress. And suppose that he had not referred it; suppose that he and Congress were at variance; suppose that a State government in New York, existing in despite of the State Constitution, and sustained by a State court—as was possible under the Ring—were recognized by the President, would Congress be satisfied with the argument that the Constitution of New York is republican in form? We think it would rather say that a government existing in defiance of a republican constitution was not a republican form of government; that the object of having a constitution republican in form had been defeated; and that it was its duty, therefore, not to recognize such a government, but to enable the people of the State to establish one in pursuance of their constitution. And this it would do for the reason that if it be its duty to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, it can not properly recognize a government that outrages that form.

BROKEN PLEDGES.

A year ago, when General SHARPE was transferred from the Marshalship to the Surveyorship in New York, the public was informed that it was "promotion" under the rules. The other day General BUTLER remarked—and we should like to have seen his face when he made the remark—that the appointment of Mr. SIMMONS, Internal Revenue Supervisor (and henchman-in-chief), to be Collector of Boston, was "promotion" under the rules. And Mr. Speaker BLAINE, Senators HAMLIN and MORRILL, with the rest of the Maine delegation, in asking the President to appoint Internal Revenue Agent MANLEY, of Maine, as SIMMONS's successor, said in their letter, "The appointment will be in accordance with the civil service rules of the government." These are all purely political appointments, sought by politicians for political purposes, and made in direct defiance of the spirit and purpose of the rules; and we hope that no honest friend of reform will be deceived by the talk about "promotion."

The rules, indeed, provide for promotion, but a promotion which is advance in the line of the office, not transfer from one department of the service to another. It may be presumed that this very question was the subject of careful and prolonged consideration by the Commission, and the provisions finally adopted and approved by the President show that the transfer of a distributing clerk in the San Francisco Post-office to be examiner of silks in the New York Custom-house was not to be regarded as a promotion. If nobody in the line of examiner were found qualified, the clerk might take his chance with all other applicants. In the case of a Collector or Surveyor the President by his rules directed that the Secretary of the Treasury should first ascertain whether any of the subordinates in the customs service of the district were properly qualified, and if such were found, the nomination should be made from not more than three persons reported to the President. But if such were not found, the President might nominate at discretion, being, of course, honorably bound to exercise his discretion in the spirit of his rules, namely, to take the office out of politics. In the nomination of Mr. SIMMONS, as in many similar nominations, the President has so wholly disregarded both the form and the purpose of his rules that proper self-respect would seem to require their formal and official revocation. As they are now "observed" they are the scorn and laughing-stock of all who know the facts, and merely strengthen the mischiefs and abuses which they were designed to correct. In persuading the President to a course which brings his own reform of the civil service into contempt, General BUTLER has taken an exquisite revenge upon the general who, as he has not forgotten, described him as "bottled up" by the enemy.

REPUBLICANS AND "LIBERALS."

It is sometimes said that the present tone of the Republican press, which is one of sharp criticism, is the ample vindication of the Liberal movement of two years ago. "Do not the Republican papers say to-day just what we said then?" ask the Liberals. "Did not we decry extravagance and corruption? Did not we say that there was no hope of reform within the party? And is not that the conclusion to which the better part of the party is now coming, as shown in the tone of such papers as the Boston *Advertiser*, the Hartford *Courant*, the Newark *Courier*, the Pittsburg *Commercial*, the Detroit *Post*, the Toledo *Blade*, and many other representative Republican journals?" This is certainly a fair question, and should be fairly answered.

There is, then, undoubtedly a striking and most cheering independence in the tone of the Republican press. It does not hesitate to expose and denounce corruption, and it does not deny Republican responsibility when it can be justly charged. So far its criticisms resemble those of the Republicans of 1872 who went to Cincinnati. But the moment the movement at Cincinnati showed that it would not seriously affect the party action of Republicans, the practical alternative became very simple. The question was no longer one of theory or criticism, but of action. The Cincinnati nomination could have no possible chance of success unless it were adopted by the Democratic party. And the question therefore was whether more was to be hoped from Democrats than from Republicans. To such a question only one answer seemed to be possible; and that, together with the character and circumstances of the Cincinnati nomination, instantly decided many of the sincerest and ablest of the original friends of the Cincinnati movement to support General **Grant**. Their criticisms of the Republican administration and their opinion of the President were not changed. They wanted reform, but they had to choose between **Grant** with the Republicans and **Greeley** with the Democrats. They felt that there was a chance with the former, but none whatever with the latter, and they therefore sustained **Grant**.

To-day the better part of the Republican press still demands of the Administration and of Congress the reforms of which it had and has no hope from the Democrats with or without Mr. **Greeley**. It criticises plainly and trenchantly. But if there were an election pending, and the alternative were, as before, Republican or Democratic ascendency, many of the sharpest and sincerest of those critics who speak as plainly now as any Liberal spoke two years ago would undoubtedly support the Republican party as the lesser evil. They would do this for the reason that, however disappointed they may be, they still hope more of the Republican than of the Democratic organization. But whenever a large number of Republicans think that it makes no difference which of the two prevails, they will vote for a third candidate. If the Liberals of 1872, finding that they could not have their preference in the Republican nomination, had nevertheless, for the reason that influenced many of the best of them, acquiesced instead of seceding, the defeat of the Democratic party, without any Republican break, would have been so decisive that reform today would be much more probable and practicable; for that which chiefly retards it is the continued organization of the Democratic party, and that continuance is largely due to the Liberal co-operation of 1872, and the hopes that it excited.

LIGHTENING THE MAILS.

While retrenchment in the public expenses is imperatively necessary, and is expected by the country, wisdom and good sense in devising methods of economy are not less demanded. The cost of the postal service has naturally been the subject of very strict inquiry, because while the Postmaster-General estimates that the revenues of the department during the year 1875 will be $29,000,000—an increase of six millions in two years—he also expects a deficiency of seven millions. Mr. **Morrill**, of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, naturally wishes to reduce such a deficiency, in order that the department may be kept within reasonable bounds. The committee, therefore, will propose that after the 30th of June, 1874, conveyance in the mails of samples of merchandise, packages of clothing, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, cions, samples of metals, ores, and mineralogical specimens, and bound books, shall cease, and all laws authorizing such conveyance shall be repealed. The reason for the repeal is that the mails are filled with such things as bee-hives with live bees in them, fed with honey and sheltered by glass, boots and shoes, packages of clothing, bundles of yarn, groceries, and other articles, which are sent through the mails under the provision that every thing, except some dangerous liquids, can be sent through the mails if not weighing over four pounds. The committee are of opinion that the Post-office Department should be a medium for transmitting intelligence only, and that if the bulky articles, for the carriage of which the railroads are paid by weight, should be excluded from the mails, the deficit would be greatly reduced.

In accomplishing this good result, however, the committee should not forget that the primary object of the Post-office Department is not revenue, but the diffusion of intelligence—public advantage of another kind. It is for this reason that the mails are carried upon routes which can not be made profitable. The national good sense agrees that it is much more important that newspapers and letters should pass regularly and rapidly over the whole country, reaching the remotest and most solitary homes, than that they should be restricted solely to the routes which are made profitable by enormous population. The benefits of the constant communication of letters and news are, indeed, incalculable; and it is this consciousness which defeats every suggestion to confide the postal service to private hands. All that the country expects, therefore, is that the Post-office Department shall be managed with the utmost economy that is consistent with its purpose of diffusing intelligence.

For this reason it seems to us that the committee ought not to include "bound books" among the articles to be excluded from the mails. Like newspapers and magazines, they are vehicles of intelligence, means of education; and in very many parts of the country the mails are the only method by which buyers can obtain bound publications which are not to be found in the local bookstore. The reason for excluding a bee-hive from the mails is not a reason for withholding a Bible or a spelling-book or a scientific treatise from the settler in the Territory, or the volume which the poor student can procure only through the mails. Mr. **Dawes**, in his late speech, says that almost the entire bullion of the Pacific coast goes through the mails, and he mentions an iron bolt, part of a machine, sent in the same manner. Now it may be very right that the government should not do the express business of the country at losing rates, or any other rates, but that is no reason why it should not carry intelligence, whether in the form of letters, newspapers, magazines, or bound books, since otherwise they could not be universally diffused. We are very sure that the committee will, upon reflection, see that their proposed amendment can not justly exclude bound books from the mails; and we earnestly hope that it may be so far modified.

ABUSING THE PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY.

If Senator **Morton** really feels the profound contempt for experience which he expresses, the country has been greatly mistaken in supposing him to be a sagacious statesman. Senator **Schurz** makes a masterly exposition of the consequences that have always followed inflation under the circumstances in which this country is now placed. He shows further the principles which have produced and must always produce this result. He refutes statements based upon a superficial resemblance in the situation of different countries, and presents the actual facts of their condition. He exposes relentlessly the sophistries about the currency with which the air fairly hums, and declares that in his opinion the popular feeling is hostile to inflation. And, in reply, Mr. **Morton**—for he really compels us to say so—resorts to tactics to which he has condescended before, and merely abuses the plaintiff's attorney. He said that he could not attempt to answer off-hand a carefully prepared speech—which was a very good reason for not speaking off-hand. But he went on to say that the cheapest of political learning was that obtained from cramming; that he had known people to cram for the stump upon three or four old speeches; that many things were true in Europe that were not true here; that Mr. **Schurz** was ignorant of the country in which he lived, but was what is called in France a political *littérateur;* that he was not the only man who had read all the books; that he talked about China, a country that was finished and walled up a thousand years ago, and that this country would soon be finished also if his doctrines should prevail.

The object of this outburst is plain. Mr. **Morton** was conscious that the facts and arguments of Mr. **Schurz**'s speech had impressed the Senate, and would impress the country. He could not answer the arguments nor deny the facts, but he might try to break their force by ridiculing their author and appealing to prejudices. Mr. **Schurz** was German born, and he was a student, and he had led a schism in the Republican party; so Mr. **Morton** "went for him" as a professor and a pedant, a *littérateur* and a *doctrinaire*, who had read books, but knew nothing of practical affairs, and who, upon the whole, was rather an impudent fellow to lecture the American Senate so loftily. It was the only course left to Mr. **Morton**, if, having nothing to say, as he stated, he was still resolved to speak.

But as a statesman and a practical man he must be aware that he seriously weakens his influence and his standing among sensible men by so contemptuously flouting experience and the result of the wisest observation and thought. If, as he says, he has read all the books, he knows that, so far as the fundamental facts are concerned, there is no essential difference between the situation of this country and that of all other commercial and manufacturing countries with an irredeemable currency. From the same sources, also, he must know that no argument for inflation has been advanced in Congress which has not been more powerfully urged in Parliament and elsewhere, and utterly refuted by the most trained practical sagacity. Again, while denouncing theorists, he knows, of course, "from the books" that the theorist **Adam Smith** has influenced the prosperity of England more than any other man, and that it was the Manchester theorists who converted that eminent practical statesman, Sir **Robert Peel**, and persuaded him to the best act of his public career. The world is ruled by thinkers, who are always denounced as theorists, and legislation is really practical and beneficial only so far as it conforms to the conclusions of thought and observation. The point upon which Mr. **Morton** and the inflationists constantly insist, but which, as yet, they have failed to prove, is the essential difference in the present financial situation of this country from similar situations in all other countries.

PROMPT JUSTICE.

Justice has been neither slow nor uncertain in overtaking some, at least, of the masked burglars whose audacity spread such terror in the suburbs two or three months ago. The details of the robberies at Catskill, at New Rochelle, and upon Staten Island were so similar that there could be little doubt that they were the work of the same gang. The large reward, about ten thousand dollars in all, privately offered for the arrest and conviction of the robbers had a marvelously stimulating effect, for within a very few days after the offer appeared the police went straight to a den in Canal Street and arrested the keeper of the house and a party of ruffians. They were taken to Westchester, and several of them were identified. They were instantly indicted, and tried without delay. The trial of **Dan Kelly**, who seems to have been the chief of the gang, and who had escaped from the State-prison at Auburn, was very summary.

He was arraigned, and said that his counsel could not come. The judge assigned him other counsel, which he declined. Still another was assigned, which **Kelly** also rejected. The judge then asked him if he meant to defend himself. He replied that it was unnecessary, as he did not expect to be fairly tried, but only convicted. The jury was then impaneled, and **Kelly** was told by the judge that he might challenge any of the persons summoned. "I don't challenge them; I challenge you, for you are prejudiced against me," was his reply. The testimony was given, clear, direct, and conclusive. The District Attorney said that it was unnecessary for him to make an argument. Nothing was said for the prisoner. The judge briefly summed up the evidence, and the jury instantly agreed upon their verdict of guilty. **Kelly** was asked if he had any thing to plead against his sentence, and he shook his head. The judge then sentenced him to twenty years' hard labor at Sing Sing, and in two hours he was in the prison. Several of the gang have been sentenced to the same term.

The promptness of the arrest and of the trial, with its inevitable result, will be of great service. Nothing is more clearly settled than that the certainty rather than the severity of punishment is the chief restraint of crime. That "hanging is played out" was a conviction in regard to all punishment of real offenses which had become general among the criminal classes. But the recent administration of justice in and around New York tends to correct this impression. It is observable, indeed, that the promptness of the arrest seems to depend often upon the amount of the reward offered. But this is a difficulty not readily to be remedied. We pay public taxes for many purposes, such as night-watching, and cleaning and watering streets, but the purpose is frequently accomplished only by private subscription. The practice of extra payment for duties of all kinds is universal, but when the activity of the police depends upon it, justice is really denied to the poor.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.

It is very evident that there is a strong sentiment opposed to a national grant to the Centennial celebration. Indeed, wherever the blame justly lies, it is very plain that the festival has been sadly mismanaged. The general feeling undoubtedly was that the Fourth of July, 1876, would be celebrated with peculiar fervor, and that on that happy anniversary the whole land would rock and throb with patriotic exultation. That Philadelphia, the chosen city in which the Declaration was adopted, signed, and published, would especially and conspicuously rejoice, as became a great and prosperous community, justly proud of its splendid distinction, was only natural. That was the original understanding and the plan, so far as there was any: and there could be no better. The international Exhibition, to be adopted, so to speak, by the government, was an afterthought, and an unhappy one. It is precisely not the occasion for a world's fair, and that for various very obvious reasons. One is that it is distinctively an American anniversary; and another, that in the competitions and comparisons of a world's fair it would very probably be found that in many most important inventions and manufactures the effete monarchies were superior to the young republic, which, as a celebration of its first completed century, would be absurd. But a still more serious objection to such a plan is that the distinctive American achievements of the century are not of a kind to be exhibited at a fair.

Hostility to the national grant has been fostered also by the general conviction that such countenance as Congress has given was the result of an express declaration that money would not be asked. Congress has provided for the appointment of a Commissioner and an alternate from each State and Territory, and for a Centennial Board of Finance to raise the necessary sum for the expenses, which was stated to be $10,000,000. It is now, however, computed that the preparations in building, etc., will exhaust that sum. Meanwhile Pennsylvania, publicly and privately, has subscribed $3,500,000, and New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland have either subscribed or have expressed a lively intention of subscribing; and the Commission does not conceal its intention of asking for four or five millions of dollars from Congress, or, should the prospect of getting it seem too unfavorable, it seems to be understood that the work upon the buildings will begin upon private credit, trusting to the ultimate reimbursement by Congress at a more favorable period, and after the Exhibition, in which, by virtue of the official invitations from the State Department to foreign governments, our own government will have stood in the position of host.

For every reason, however, Congress should not suffer the subject to be postponed. The government should adopt the Exhibition, or refuse to adopt it: for if five millions of dollars are granted now, more millions will be asked if they are needed. Foreign exhibitors also have a right to know whether this is to be another Murray Hill Crystal Palace. The whole scope and character of the form of the celebration may be changed, if it is known that it is a private enterprise. We have little doubt that the better public opinion of the country is opposed to a grant of money to this international Exhibition, while there is no doubt that the munificence of Pennsylvania and the private assistance of the rest of the country would furnish ample means, not perhaps for a world's fair, but for an adequate and magnificent celebration of the great day in the city of the Declaration. We are not a people fond of official pageants nor of government celebrations. The Fourth of July, 1776, was emphatically the People's day, and the festival of its centennial anniversary should be a popular, not an official, festival.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress did not meet February 23, as it was a holiday. In the House, on the day afterward, Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a bill regulating the collection of customs and the duties on imported wines.—In the Senate, February 25, the bill to provide for a commission on the subject of the liquor traffic was considered, and the currency question was further debated. During the session a message was received from the President, strongly commending the Centennial scheme, and advising a liberal appropriation.—A bill reviving the franking privilege was voted down in the House, February 26, by a vote of 131 to 129.—The House, February 27, passed bills granting a pension of $50 per month each to the widows of the late General Canby, General Meade, Commodore Elliott, and to the mother of the late General M'Pherson.—The Senate, February 27, confirmed Mr. Simmons as Collector for the Port of Boston.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed the bill authorizing a subscription of $100,000 by the State in Centennial stock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The following additional appointments of members of the new British government have been officially announced: the Duke of Abercorn, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Colonel T. E. Taylor, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Sir Charles B. Adderley, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. George Salater Booth, President of the Local Government Board; Mr. Algernon Fulke Egerton, Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. James Lowther, Under-Secretary for the Colonies; Sir John Burgess Karslake, Attorney-General; and Sir Richard Baggally, Solicitor-General.

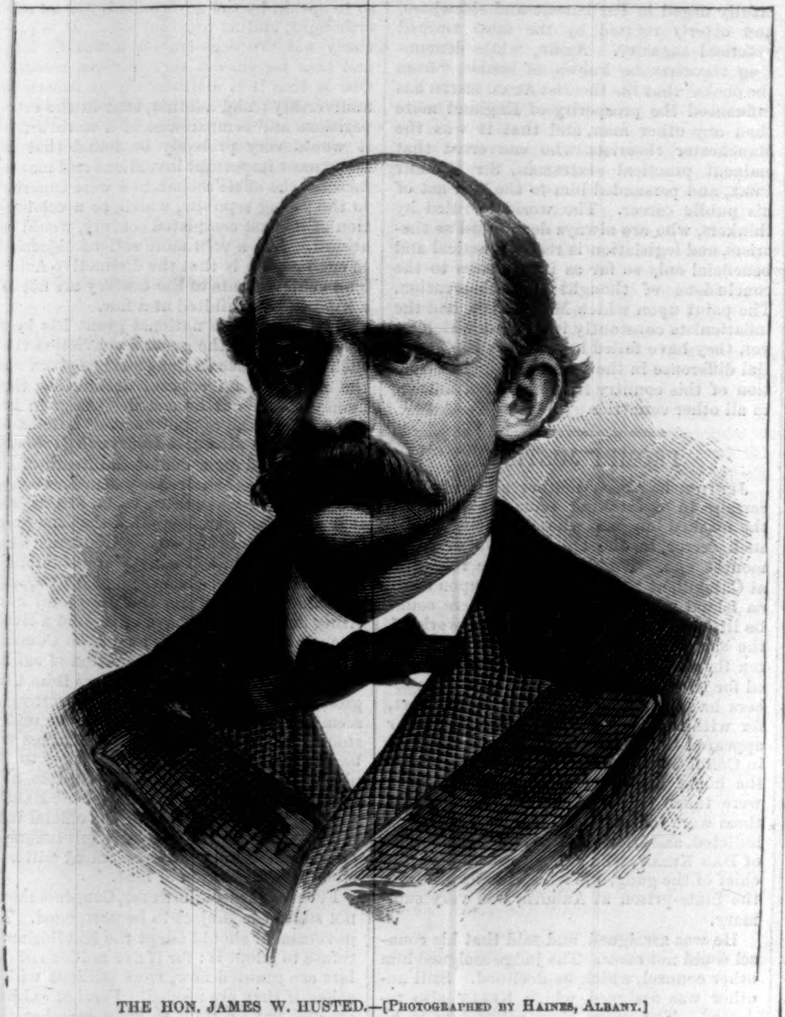
The famous trial of the Tichborne claimant on charges of perjury committed during the suit for the possession of the estate, which has been in progress upward of one hundred and eighty days, was brought to a close February 28, and resulted in the conviction of the accused. The jury, after being out a short time, brought in a verdict of guilty of all the charges, and the claimant was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude.

The British government has received a dispatch from General Sir Garnet Wolseley, dated from Coomassie, February 5, announcing the entry of the British forces into that city after five days' hard fighting. King Koffee had promised to sign a treaty of peace.

A large fire occurred in Panama February 19, which consumed the major part of the city. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000, nearly all of which is covered by insurance.

General Gonzales was installed President of San Domingo January 27. All members of ex-President Baez's family have been banished from the country.

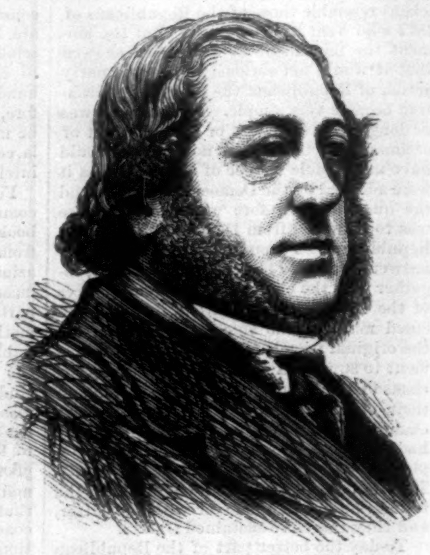
A cable dispatch from London of the 23d ult. announces the death of Charles Shirley Brooks, the novelist. He was in his fifty-ninth year.



THE HON. JAMES W. HUSTED.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES, ALBANY.]

SPEAKER HUSTED.

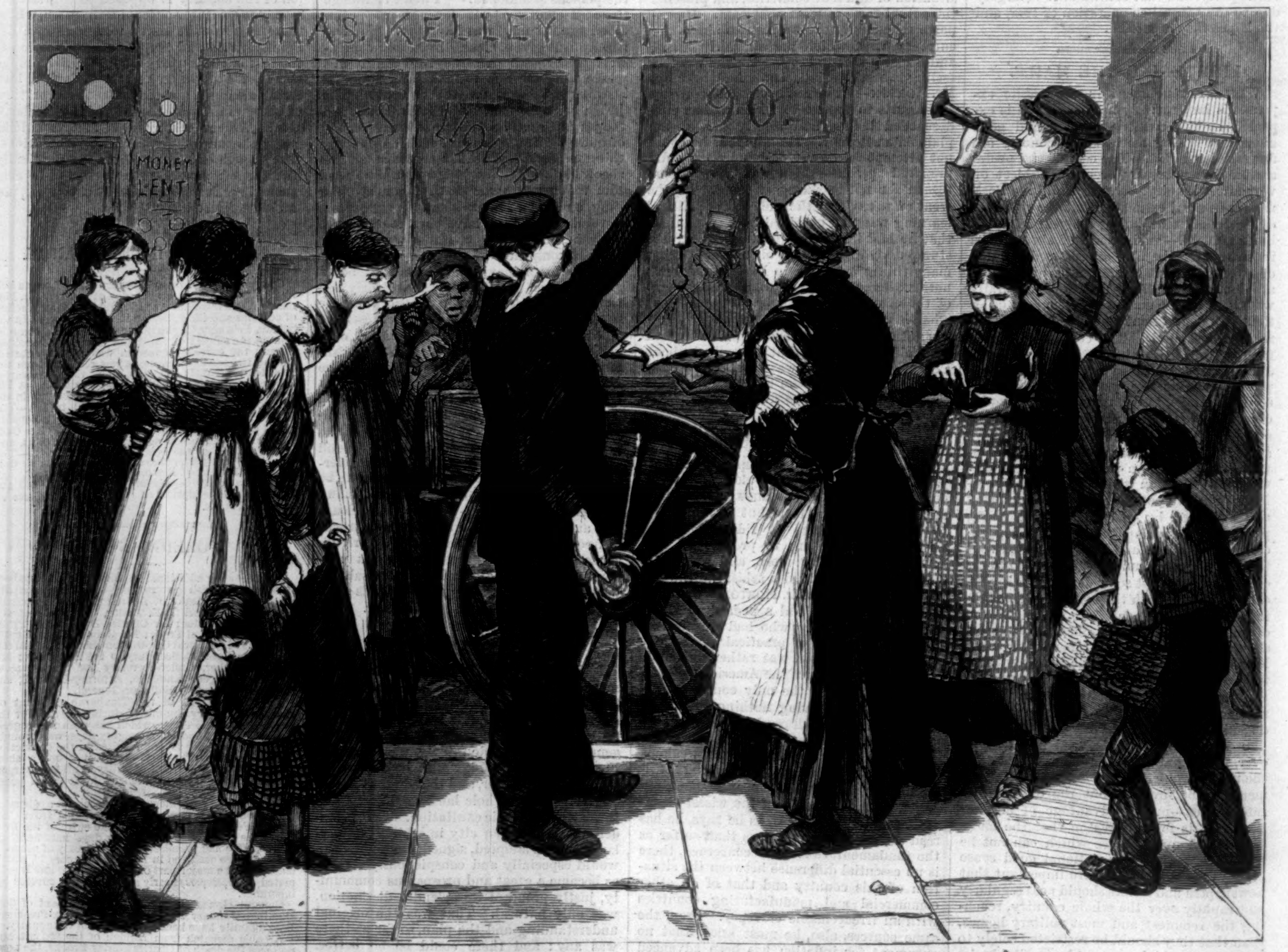
HON. JAMES W. HUSTED, Speaker of the Assembly, of whom we give a portrait on this page, was born in Bedford, Westchester County, in 1833, and has since resided in that county. At an early age he entered Yale College, and distinguished himself for assiduity and proficiency in his studies. He graduated with honors in 1854, and commenced the study of the law. After admission, in 1857, he speedily secured a lucrative and honorable practice, taking at the same time an active part in politics, to which his tastes and temperament naturally impelled him. In 1855 he was elected town Superintendent of Common Schools, and in 1858 School Commissioner of Westchester County. In 1860 the Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, then Superintendent of the Insurance Department, appointed him Deputy Superintendent, and in 1870 he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Emigration. Mr. HUSTED's legislative career began in 1868, when he was elected to the Assembly from the Third District of Westchester County by a handsome majority. He has been re-elected every year since, and last year by a larger majority than in any previous contest. During his service he has uniformly been placed, either as chairman or member, on the most important committees of the House. In 1870 and 1871 he received the caucus nomination of his party for Speaker, in 1872 was chosen one of the managers of the BARNARD impeachment trial, and at the commencement of the present session was elected Speaker. The delicate and responsible duty of appointing the committees was met and discharged by him in a manner that won the commendation of the press of all parties. Mr. HUSTED also holds high rank in the Masonic order, wearing the jewel of the thirty-third degree. For several years he has been District Deputy Grand Master, and is now Junior Grand Warden. In 1873 Governor DIX nominated him as Major-General of the Fifth Division of the National Guard, and he was unanimously confirmed. The Assembly expressed its gratification at the selection by passing, on motion of a political opponent, resolutions of a complimentary character. At the recent annual meeting of the New York State Military Association General HUSTED was elected president for the ensuing year. As Speaker of the House he is conspicuous for quickness of perception, tact, sound judgment, versatility, and rapidity of execution, and for thorough familiarity with parliamentary rules and management. As a debater he is fluent, vigorous, and effective, and as the recognized leader of his party in the House, commands their cordial support and esteem.



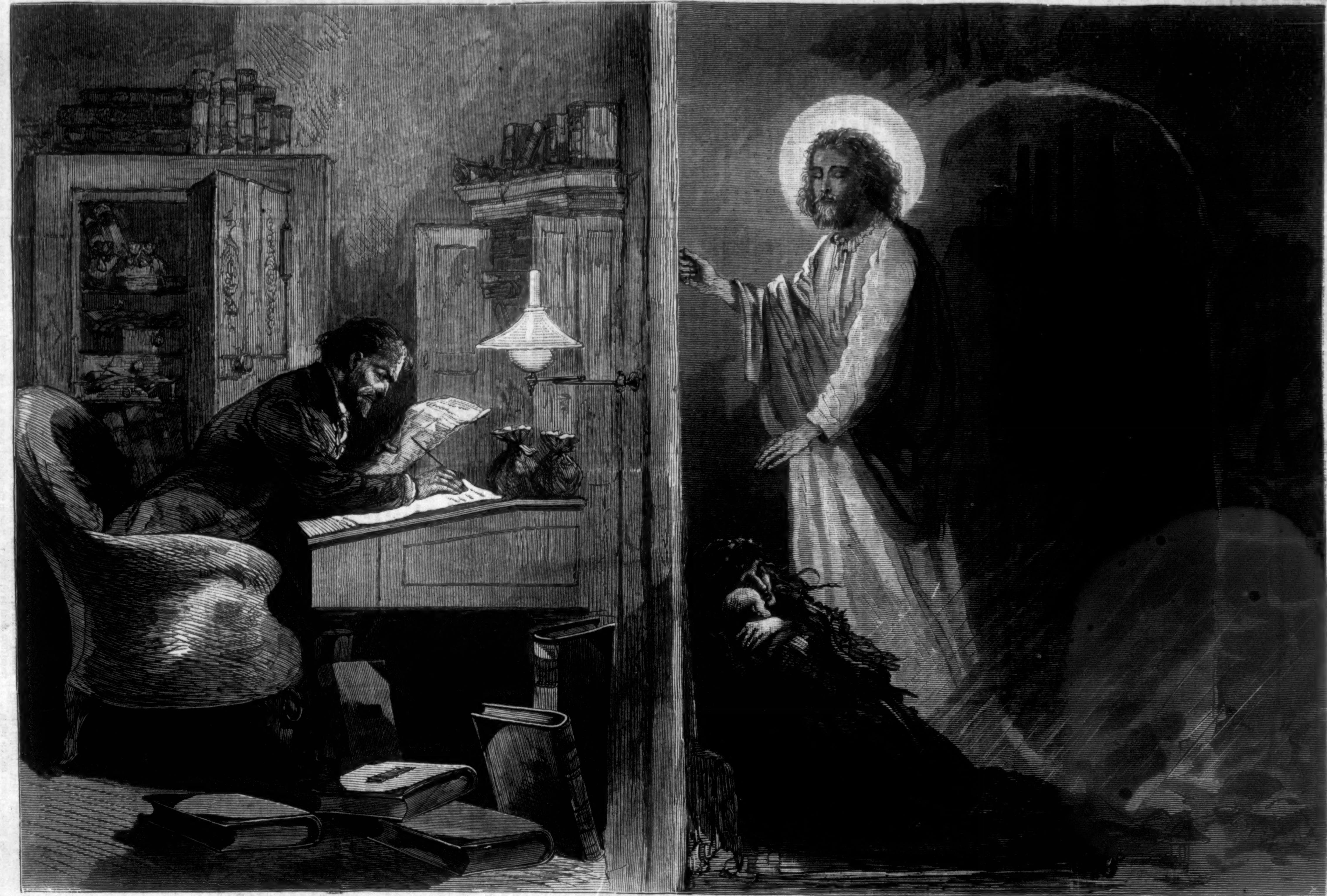
THE LATE BARON ROTHSCHILD.

THE LATE BARON ROTHSCHILD.

BARON MAYER AMSCHEL DE ROTHSCHILD, who died recently in London at the age of fifty-five, was the fourth son of the famous "Baron NATHAN," founder of the London house of ROTHSCHILDS. He was born in 1818, and was educated at Cambridge. In 1859 he became the representative of Hythe in the House of Commons, and continued to hold the seat until the recent dissolution of Parliament. Like all his house, he was a firm and consistent Liberal. Although his votes were always loyally given in support of his party, he never made a single speech during the whole of his Parliamentary career. He will, however, be much better remembered as a patron of art and as a member of the turf than as a politician. The splendid collection of pictures, statuary, and other articles of *virtu* at Mentmore is a proof not only of his enormous wealth, but of his excellent artistic taste and judgment. His sporting career extended over more than thirty years. Baron ROTHSCHILD followed the sport from a genuine love of it. He never wasted money in speculative purchases, but keeping a stud he set himself patiently and systematically to work to improve the breed; the result was, that some ten years ago General PEEL could tell the House of Commons that he had just seen in Baron ROTHSCHILD's stables a dozen horses any one of which was able to carry sixteen stone across any fox-hunting country in the world. His death deprives the sporting world of England of one who was always anxious to see racing resume its orignal and legitimate purpose, and whose example might well be followed.



THE LICENSED VENDOR—LENT.



"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK!"—[FROM A DESIGN BY HENRY J. SAW.]

MASQUERADING.

WELL, you see, Sue, the whys and the wherefores were too many to write, and when you married and went away with your husband, I'd no more idea that things would come round as they did than I had of running over to Council Bluffs in a balloon to take tea with you. To tell the truth, it was all on account of that railroad business, which went cutting into our orchard and running hap-hazard over the best pasture-land, and taking a right of way along the wood-lot and crossing the highways, so that there's no peace for the living, let alone the wicked. However, *I've* no right to complain of it, in the long run. It wasn't as if our house had been in the family ever since the Plymouth folks landed, and the Legislature had given the corporation leave to run right through the best wainscoted parlor, and take away the oaken staircase stained by the blood of a Revolutionary soldier, as they did up at Squire Elderly's place. I believe you were here when John Jordan happened this way civil-engineering and helping to lay out the railroad; and I dare say you've heard me declare that I wouldn't marry John Jordan, "no, not if there wasn't another man on earth!" Not that he had asked me then, you know; but girls aren't slow to refuse before they're asked. But he had waited upon me home from evening service and sociables; and he had dropped in to have a rubber at whist, just when I didn't want to be interrupted in the game of cribbage which Lucius Glover and I were pretty sure to be playing in the back parlor, while the family sat at work the other side of the folding-doors, and the mellowed light from the astral lamp lent us a twilight atmosphere conducive to flirtation.

Mr. Jordan used to be a good deal at our house, talking with father about the lay of the land, and in that way folks came to coupling our names together—and nobody so provoked as I! Mrs. Scrutiny, who lived opposite, and watched us as closely as a cat watches a mouse-hole; who knew when we heated the brick oven for an extra baking, and counted the stockings on the line Mondays, and ran over to see if we expected Sophronia and her husband down when we aired the parlor chamber; and who, when we declared that we had nothing to wear to Mrs. Merry's dancing-party, to Thanksgiving ball, or charity fair, would give us an inventory of our own wardrobes.

"Why, wear your blue silk, child, that was made out of your mother's pelisse;" or, "Dear sakes, there's the white muslin you had to stand up with Sophronia in;" or, "I'm sure the pink tarlatan that your aunt Kitty gave you is good as new with a bit of darning;" or, "When I was a girl, the poplin you got of the old-clothes peddler in exchange would have been thought plenty good enough for a charity fair."

Naturally John Jordan's calls didn't escape Mrs. Scrutiny. I believe she could see in the dark, like a cat; and she lost no time in communicating her observations. Consequently I heard away down at Fisherville and away up at Haverham that John Jordan had been seen at our door three days out of the week, for five weeks; and nobody would believe that he came to see father. But I didn't treat John with any kind of favor, let me tell you! I was always quarreling with him because the railroad was to cut up the orchard—as if it was his fault, or as if I cared; but I wanted something to be disagreeable about. I was none too sweet to him, I assure you; and sometimes Lucius and I would stroll off to a game at backgammon in the back parlor, and leave John to the others; and sometimes when I saw him coming I would slip out, and when I returned, it would be pretty sure to be on the arm of Lucius. He always scowled when I came in with Lucius Glover, and I enjoyed that; and once he had the impudence to ask,

"What, in Heaven's name, do you find to please you in that fop?" and I was so angry at his daring that the tears sprang into my eyes; and at that he looked divinely sorry, and stammered, "I didn't know— I didn't know it was serious!" and that didn't mend the matter, for it wasn't serious. Lucius had never said any thing to the point, though he had dealt largely in sentimental enigmas; and, what was more, I didn't know as I wanted him to; and I didn't like that John Jordan should take it for granted in this way. But I didn't understand *why* I didn't like it, though I've found out since.

"Who said any thing about seriousness?" I snapped out. "I'm not one of the kind that asks a man's intentions if he looks at her! I never want to know their intentions, and they don't usually have any, except to while the time away!" I answered, more forcibly than elegantly.

"Very likely not," said he, going back to some plans he had unrolled for father to see when he came in—"that is, men like Glover."

"That's generous," said I, all in arms again. "I really should think that you and he were rivals."

"And so we are," he answered, without looking up. "I hate him because you like him!"

"I don't see why—" I began, awkwardly enough.

"Perhaps you had better take a microscope to discover the reasons."

If this is love-making, thinks I, it's an odd fashion that I'm not used to; and perhaps for that reason I was somewhat vexed when father put an end to it. To tell the truth, after I had been listening to John Jordan, Lucius's small-talk did seem small enough, and his sentiment weak enough; so sometimes it occurred to me that his mustache was his strongest point. But then there were other things to be considered; life wasn't all sentiment and poetry and moonlight walks. Father, you know, was only cashier in the Farmers' Bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred. We owned the house and land, to be sure; but if any thing should have happened to him, it would have been all day with us girls. We hadn't any especial gifts; we hadn't been educated to teach; and almost every one did her own sewing at our place. We were called a handsome family, you know, and beauty constituted our entire fortune. Now it was different at the Glovers'; they had bank stocks, and railroad shares, and mortgages, and what not; they had a family tree that would have put the Banyan to shame; they had services of silver as old as the hills, cut glass and Dresden china, family portraits and brocatelle, and real diamonds in the bank safe. They kept their carriage, too; and it was all enough to inspire the imagination of any girl whom Lucius smiled upon. The Glover women always had the best of every thing—silks that would stand alone, gloves and hats from Paris, gowns made in the city; while we had to fashion our own bonnets, cut our own cloaks, turn our dresses, and dye our gloves; hem-stitch our handkerchiefs, patch our carpets, upholster our easy-chairs, and rub the furniture with hartshorn and oil; we had to economize in lights and fires too, and could afford a roast only twice a week! I remember visiting some rich cousins of father's in the city once; and all the time I had a consciousness that they hated to have their friends see me on the front steps in my shabby clothes that looked well enough at home; and when we were invited out one evening, I overheard them disputing as to who *shouldn't* go with me, "in that old-fashioned blue silk," which I, in my ignorance, had thought quite stylish! And coming out of a dress-maker's room one day with one of my cousins,

"Dear me!" said she; "that hair-cloth furniture just gave me the blues; it's worse than any nightmare; it's so vulgar and bar-roomy!" Now we had nothing but hair-cloth in our parlors, and had felt very lucky to get it; but I never offered a chair to a caller after that without a qualm.

"You shall see what style is, one of these days, my friends," I promised them, mentally; "you will not be ashamed of me when I'm Mrs. Lucius Glover!" for, upon my word, I was weak and foolish enough to make up my mind on the way home that I would marry Lucius if he asked me, and let John Jordan take care of himself! Well, when I reached home, I found that father had taken John to board with us, and we were having a roast every day, and dessert; but for all that, the hair-cloth furniture was heavy on my heart; I was such a wretched little materialist in those days! I wondered if John thought as meanly of it too; though of course, I reasoned, he hadn't been used to any thing better. Mrs. Scrutiny said it looked as if we were going to make Mr. Jordan one of the family; and John smiled, and twisted his mustache, and said he wished we would. About this time Lydia Glover was attacked with a sudden friendship for me; she really seemed to prefer our hair-cloth sofa to her own velvet cushions. Lucius usually came with her, and while he occupied himself with me, Lydia naturally fell to flirting with John; and more than once I caught myself answering Lucius absently, because I was trying to hear what John was saying to Lydia. Sometimes Lydia declared she could stay no later, and Lucius insisted that it was only the edge of the evening; and then John would get his hat and walk home with her. I know I had a queer sensation the first time this happened, which didn't improve as I waited for him, hovering over the falling embers after Lucius had gone, on pretense of locking up the house. "Seems to me it takes you some time to walk up to the Glovers' and back," said I, when he came at last.

"Oh, you needn't have waited for me!" he vouchsafed; "I couldn't get away before. The Glovers have a fine place;" after a pause, in which I couldn't think of any thing disagreeable enough to say, "I wonder how I shall bear it when I go there to see Mrs. Lucius?"

"That can't be the person you go there to see now," I assured him.

He laughed, and hummed the old-fashioned round,

"'Go to Jane Glover and tell her I love her;
And by the light of the moon I will come to her.'

that's what they call a *catch*, isn't it?" lighting his candle. "Don't sit up for me again when I go to Miss Glover's, Sleepy-Eyes, for I may stay late!"

"It's small thanks you give me for keeping the fire alive for you," I complained.

He turned back, with his hand on the door, all the mischief fading from his face.

"I give you instead," he answered, "that which naught enriches you, but makes me poor indeed! Why should I thank you for keeping the fire alive, when you mean that it shall die out untended at last?"

"Come, you are waxing sentimental!" I cried, raking up the coals. "You've mistaken your listener. Good-night."

Seeing that nothing had come of his dancing attendance at our house, folks began to whisper about John and Lydia, as they must have something to worry over; I used to hear them, coming out of church, between comments on the sermon; and it made my cheeks burn, and gave me a sinking sort of sensation, that must have been akin to dying, that was bliss and pain, as the poet says, all at once. But I would have died first, indeed, before giving a sign. When they turned to me, as one who should know, being intimate with Lydia, and John's landlady, I smiled indifferently, and answered,

"If girls will marry, they must take such husbands as are going." The trouble was, I coveted John's love, without being able to make up my mind to renounce the good things which Lucius had to offer.

Well, about this time father had his stroke, you know—not exactly a stroke of luck—and was away from the bank for three months, with every prospect of being laid up the rest of his days; and I can tell you, if it hadn't been for John Jordan's board, we should have had short commons indeed. I began to be more convinced than ever that it was my duty to marry Lucius, when he should ask me. We weren't able to have any new gowns that year, because the money all had to go for doctors' bills and drug stuffs; and I was so worn out with watching and worrying, and the unending struggle to make both ends meet, that I was losing all my good looks, and growing wrinkles across my forehead.

"I'm sure it's enough to prevent any body in her senses from thinking of marrying a poor man," I reflected out loud, one twilight, believing that I had the parlor to myself.

"Were you thinking of it?" asked John Jordan, out of the depth of father's sleepy-hollow chair, where the shadows hid him.

"I wasn't thinking at all," I answered, ready to cry with low-spiritedness; for I felt in my dusty old alpaca, with the unnatural lustre across the shoulders, as if I fully warranted the contempt of my rich cousins. "I never think," I assured him.

"Those who can think and won't think must be made to think," he parodied.

"Just as you please, Sir Oracle," I said. "We'll defer it, though, till after tea;" and he gave me his arm to the dining-room.

Father got able to hobble out to the bank, and things began to get easier; though Mrs. Scrutiny said he looked to her as if he would never be himself again; and after that I lived in hourly dread of a second stroke, and the future wasn't alluring, unless I should marry Lucius — nor then either.

They were to have a masquerade party at the Glovers' Thanksgiving-night, and for a fortnight before Lydia and I were busy as moths, burrowing in the cedar-wood trunks in the attic that came over from Holland with her great-grandmother's wedding-clothes, and were full of old-fashioned finery, brocades and laces, and shoe-buckles. We had a rare time trying them on before the beveled mirror in Lydia's room; and whenever John Jordan happened in, she would rustle down to him, shaking out a glamour of magnificence from every fold, and shining like a star in her ancient splendor. We promised ourselves an Arabian Night's entertainment. And the promise was fulfilled. The house was one blaze of lights and blossoms, and the atmosphere was one pulsation of music and fragrance. You seemed to be walking through an avenue of tall flowering shrubs in some enchanted garden, and meeting such fantastic-looking companions, as if pansies and princess-feathers and coxcomb were masquerading as young men and women of the period; and sometimes I fancied that the family portraits had taken this opportunity to step out of their dull frames, and flirt and dance with the best! Lydia wore her grandmother's wedding brocade, that looked as if it was spun out of snow-flakes. I had borrowed a pink silk petticoat of Aunt Kitty's, the palest blush, and had draped over it a mist of Nottingham lace that we had had in the house time out of mind, and had bought for bed-curtains. It's awfully cheap stuff, you know, with a mesh as coarse as a cabbage-net, but it made a lovely effect.

"You look like morning blushing over the Alps," whispered my partner, in the grand right and left.

"I've never seen it; have you?" I mocked.

"Often," he answered; and then I was sure it was Lucius, who had been abroad once. He offered his arm, and we stepped into a bay-window, to look into the frosty garden illuminated by the moon, and what do you think he said next?

"Don't let us masquerade any longer," in the same half-whisper; "I love you; I believe you love me, in spite of your dissembling. I think I have surprised it in your face sometimes. 'Come live with me, and be my love.' Be my wife, sweet."

The moment toward which I had been reaching had arrived, and found me unprepared. I was more wretched than a galley-slave, when I should have been most happy. I trembled like a reed in the wind, and leaned on his arm for support. "I—I can not answer you to-night," I said, temporizing; "the music confuses me. I don't know whether I love you—" trying to laugh —"or your ancestors. In a day—a week—oh, I can't answer you before Christmas; indeed, I can not!" I gasped.

"I will wait through time and eternity if only it be the right answer at last!" he returned. And then he led me to a seat, and somebody lent me a vinaigrette, and people asked what the matter was, and it seemed so ridiculous to be so overcome by an offer, that I didn't tell them; and the upshot of it was, Lydia sent me home in her carriage before supper. If I had staid till the unmasking, you know—well there, that's a subjunctive case that I'll leave to your imagination. But the truth was, I wanted to get home and think! And I did think, with a vengeance! I thought all day and all night. I thought at church, at table, rubbing the silver, sewing on buttons; why, I couldn't say my prayers straight for thinking. I had never made such an intellectual effort in my life! Lucius came and went as usual, without urging it further, or appearing anxious about the result. Every body seemed to be moving behind a mist, through which John Jordan's face shone out at times with an unutterable pathos in the questioning eyes. I wondered if he guessed at my dilemma. At last I went up to Sophronia's, at Haverham, to finish my thinking. When I had been there three days, up came John Jordan in his own carriage. Sophronia and her husband had always had a mighty fancy for John, and, between us, I believe she had sent for him. Well, when Sophronia's husband came home to dinner, while he was carving, said he,

"That's a great failure down at your place, Jordan. Now I had an idea that the Glovers were made of money."

"What do you mean?" cried Sophy. "The Glovers failed! Why, they gave a masquerade party only the other day, with no end of splendor."

"That seems to be the cue of people who are tottering, financially; they're determined to make a figure, if only for the last time," laughed Sophy's husband.

"They're pretty badly cut up by it," said John. "Lucius looks ten years older."

"Lucius?" repeated Sophy's husband. "He used to be a spark of your sister's, Sophy; didn't he? But he's no longer a match, eh?"

Sophy shot a quick look at me; John turned his head away; Sophy's husband regarded his plate. But as for me, I had done with thinking; I had made up my mind to go home that very day, and tell Lucius I would marry him, for better or worse! Perhaps you'll say I was Quixotic and romantic, and didn't deserve John's regard. But you see, I had given Lucius encouragement, and if I refused him, he and all the world would think it was on account of the failure, and, of all things, I can't bear to be suspected of meanness! To be sure, I was going to lose the very things for which I had led Lucius on; but I deserved to, if that was any comfort. Sophronia said every thing she could think of to make me stay, and I vowed it was out of the question. I must be at home to look after the Christmasing; the pies would all be at sixes and sevens, with stones enough in them to build a temple, and father would have to go without his plum-pudding; and I had a Christmas present to finish. John had intended to spend the holidays; but he said, if I was set upon it and nothing could persuade me, he would harness up and take me home. It was a trifle ungenerous, perhaps, to oblige one lover to carry me to his rival; but I didn't stop to think of that, I was so absorbed by my own sacrifices.

It had been drizzling for about an hour when we started, but John had a covered sleigh and a fast horse. You know how short the December afternoons are, so it was dark as a pocket before we got into Haverham woods, and it had left off drizzling and a smart rain-storm had set in, and no make-believe, and John's lantern gave about as much light as a glow-worm. The railroad hadn't crept up as far as Haverham Centre at that time, but it crossed the road, half-way through Haverham woods, where you would least expect it, where you had no hint of its approach till it was thundering down upon you, because the woods shut in the prospect, and the wind in the pines deafened you. They called it the Devil's Crossing.

Well, the horse went stumbling on through the slosh, and the noise of his feet and the singsong of the sleigh-bells and the storm roaring through the woods like a bull of Bashan must have rendered it impossible to hear any thing short of Gabriel's trumpet; for while I was wondering who would buy the old Glover mansion, and if John guessed why I was hurrying home, and what I should be married in, all at once there was a flash and a noise as if a battery had been discharged across our path, mingled with shouts, and a pandemonium of bewildered faces — and then, oblivion! They got us home somehow; I didn't know any thing about it. We had both been saved by a miracle, but the poor horse paid the debt of nature. I've learned to write and sew with my left hand since then, and I'm so used to my broken nose that I sometimes wonder why strangers look so hard at me; for you see, I'm no longer a beauty. A very different kind of sacrifice had been required of me from that which I had reckoned upon. I believed that all which was necessary now was to send Lucius word that I could not think of imposing such a wreck as myself upon him till death should us part. But Christmas-eve, as I lay on the hair-cloth lounge in the back parlor—for, in spite of my bandages and weakness, I would be in the thick of the family gathering — just before the lamps were lighted, John Jordan came in and bent over me with a bouquet of tea-roses.

"As kind as ever," I murmured, putting out my right arm instinctively, and hiding my tears against the sofa-cushion.

"I'm glad it was the right hand," said he, sitting down on a hassock, "because the wedding-finger is left;" and he slipped upon it the biggest diamond I ever saw. Look, it's like a petrified tear—a tear of joy!

"It was my mother's," he continued. "Will you wear it, and answer the question I asked you last month at the masquerade, sweet?"

"The question *you* asked me!" I cried. "I thought—I thought it was only Lucius," I confessed, hiding my face behind the tea-roses.

"And how, may I ask, were you going to answer Lucius?"

"I was going to answer 'No.' Who would want a wife like—like me?"

"And *I* will not take 'No' for an answer," said he; and the church bells rang in the happiest Christmas-eve of somebody's life.

They did not tell me till later that Lucius had mended his fortunes by engaging himself to an heiress while I was at Sophronia's. And I often laugh to think how near I came to refusing a lover who had never proposed.

"Do you think as badly as ever of marrying a poor man?" John asked, on our wedding-tour.

"Not if the poor man is John Jordan," I returned.

"They told me that you meant to marry for an establishment."

"That was before I had seen you," I assured him; and then the carriage stopped before a brown-stone front, and we ascended a flight of marble steps, and opened the door of our home! When I want to tease John, I always call him "My Lord of Burleigh."

PERSONAL.

At the reception and banquet given to Canon Kingsley at Salem, President Wheatland made a capital speech on introducing the guest of the evening, bristling with "personalities" of men born at Salem, whose names are familiar as household words. After alluding to the fact that Salem was the oldest municipality in the colony of Massachusetts, settled in 1626 by Roger Conant and his companions, he said that "many of their descendants are daily in our streets, and some are present this evening." It was the birth-place of George Peabody, whose remains were for a short time deposited in Westminster Abbey, but now rest in Salem. In Salem also were born the historian Prescott, and Bowditch and Hawthorne—three stars in the constellations of history, science, and letters.

—Mr. Reginald Brougham, son of the late Lord Brougham, by presence of mind and exposure of his own life by jumping into the river, was the means of saving two men from drowning, at Erith, a few days since.

—Mr. Adee, United States chargé d'affaires in Spain until the arrival of Mr. Cushing, is one of the most accomplished of our young diplomatists, speaking and writing the French, Spanish, and German languages, and has traveled much in Europe. Although under thirty, he has been five years in the diplomatic service, and succeeded Colonel John Hay three years ago as secretary of legation at Madrid.

—Mr. Mackenzie, the new Premier of Canada, may be considered as safely settled in power for some time to come. The Lower Canada people call him "Alec;" his brother Scots, "Mac." He has the face and form of the old Covenanter, and is a clear-headed, strong-minded Presbyterian of the old school; disapproves of the shoutings of the Methodist, has no personal respect for the pageantry of the Catholic, nor regard for the forms of the Episcopalian. He has no private fortune, and the snug position of president of an insurance company, obtained for him some time since by his friends in order to provide him with salary to live upon, has not afforded opportunity to lay aside much pelf. He has a beautiful daughter, as modest as she is handsome, who, just before her father's accession to power, married a young clergyman.

—The Des Moines *Register* says, "The good things at Governor Carpenter's reception displayed the culinary skill of Mrs. Carpenter"—like the Cleveland man who always stopped at the Astor House when he came to New York, "because Mrs. Astor was such a good cook."

—An old man of seventy-four was lately arrested in Paris as a vagabond. He had sought a night's lodging in an empty omnibus at the stables of the company. On being taken to the police station he turned out to be the nephew of Danton, the notorious tribune of the great Revolution.

—The indolence of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher may be inferred from the fact that during a recent week he preached twice on Sunday, lectured in Trenton Monday, in Williamsburg Tuesday, at Yale College Wednesday and Thursday, in Brooklyn on Friday, and resumed his preaching on Sunday. In addition, he edits the *Christian Union*, and writes for Bonner's *Ledger*.

—Hon. Gerrit Smith has signalized the new year by making a gift of $10,000 to Hamilton College free of conditions. In a note to President Brown he says, "Drop it, as quietly as may be, into the treasury." Mr. Smith was a member of the class of 1818, and his valedictory is remembered as one of the finest orations ever delivered in that college.

—Bishop Williams, of China, has forwarded from Canton to the Jardin d'Acclimation at Brussels a remarkable plant, the first specimen of its kind received in Europe. It changes its color three times a day, and is appropriately named *Hibiscus mutabilis*.

—Mr. John G. Potts, who died recently at Galena, Illinois, was at the time of his death the oldest Odd-Fellow in good standing in the world. He was initiated in Philadelphia September 25, 1825, and was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1829. In 1836 he and George M. Dallas, late Vice-President of the United States, were arrested by order of the Legislature of Pennsylvania for being connected with secret societies.

—Lone Wolf, chief of the Kiowas, has become disgusted with civilization on account of the death of his son. He had an ambulance and pair of mules, and said he was trying to live like a white man, but when his son died he drew his revolver, shot his mules, broke up his wagon, piled it and his lodge on top of the mules, and burned the pile. He next shaved one side of his head, stuck a black feather behind his ear, and thus, having gone into mourning, started with his followers on the war-path.

—Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts, gave, on Ash-Wednesday afternoon, the first of the annual course of Price Lectures in King's Chapel, Boston. The name of William Price, the founder of these lectures, is inscribed over the vestry door, and he was a zealous attendant of the chapel over a hundred years ago, when it belonged to the Episcopal Church. This is said to be the first time that a regular bishop in his official position has ever preached in that building, although it was erected 125 years ago for Episcopal worship. A large audience listened to the lecture.

—Ex-Governor Seymour writes, in a private letter which has found its way into print, "When you go to Albany, visit the Museum of Natural History, in the State Agricultural Hall; ask the keeper to show you a piece of coral stone, which, to my knowledge, has been dropping oil for twenty years in that building."

—A granddaughter of Admiral Dundas, aged sixty years, died in this city few days since. She had been living alone for many years at No. 252 West Forty-first Street, being supported by an annuity bequeathed her by the admiral. Thirty years ago she was saved from starvation in this city by the agent of the Society for the Alleviation of the Condition of the Poor.

—Mr. Mori, formerly Japanese minister at Washington, is now Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Jeddo. Mr. Kozo, formerly a student in New Brunswick, New Jersey, has been appointed chief director of the college at Jeddo.

—The Princess Louise was absent from the St. Petersburg nuptials, for cause: she would not expose her husband to mortification. Etiquette forbade him a seat at the Emperor's table, and therefore she remained away. A previous experience at Berlin, where the marquis was excluded from a state banquet because he is not of royal blood, was her motive to a noble and wifely courtesy.

—Mr. Edward Jenkins, author of *Ginx his Baby*, returns to Great Britain to find himself elected to Parliament from Dundee, ousting Sir John Ogilvie, a Liberal, who has represented the borough for seventeen years. Mr. Jenkins made a small effort with the same constituency last year, but got so few votes as to be hardly worth counting.

—Mr. Gladstone can be jocular when he gathers himself up for that purpose. In the course of a speech at Woolwich, made on the day of election, he quoted the following lines, which are said to have been received with roars of laughter:

> "The farmers at Aylesbury gathered to dine,
> And they ate their prime beef and they drank their old wine.
> With the wine there was beer, with the beer there was bacca,
> The liquor went round, and the banquet was crowned
> With some thundering news from the Straits of Malacca."

—Speaking of the late theologian Strauss, the *Churchman* says: "It is not without profit to note that during the forty years since the *Life of Jesus* appeared the tide of religious life has been steadily rising in the Church; and that notwithstanding his assaults, and the assaults of the many that have followed, there was never a time when the faith of Christian men in the Incarnate Word was so strong and clear as to-day."

—Mr. Herbert J. R. Marston, a blind gentleman, has just matriculated in the University of Durham, and gained a scholarship of £50 a year. Mr. Marston was educated in the college for blind sons of gentlemen at Worcester.

—The Empress of Germany has sent to the reading-room of the Cooper Union, through Mr. Bancroft, a series of forty photographs, exhibiting the various instruments, carriages, and apparatus used by the Sanitary Commission of Prussia in the Franco-Prussian war.

—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a witty speech delivered a few evenings since at the annual meeting of the "Rural Club," said: "I knew you all understood I was a farmer [laughter]; but speaking not being my vocation [renewed laughter], I did not know that you would call upon me to speak. I expect when I die to have on my tombstone, 'The Farmer of Westchester County' [laughter]. As such I want it to be remembered I have lived a life of usefulness. I have a farm of some thirty or forty acres, and I am often asked if it pays. I always say, 'Yes, every body but myself' [great laughter]. It has set up three or four men in business. They have built houses off my farm, and there are several more that are just going to build," etc., etc.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The women's temperance prayer-meetings are carried on with undiminished ardor, and with successful results. In Chicago, where there are three thousand drinking saloons, an organization of women has been effected, with a view to active work. At Xenia, Ohio, several drinking places have been closed; at Springfield, Dayton, Columbus, and other towns energetic operations have been begun. On Long Island and in this city the ladies have been active in circulating the pledge. Leading ladies of Philadelphia have begun prayer-meetings, and propose to visit the keepers of drinking places. The effect of this movement has been to re-awaken an interest in temperance, which seems likely to spread through the whole country.

It has been decided by the Church of the Pilgrims, of Brooklyn, of which Dr. Storrs is pastor, and by the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church (Dr. Budington's) to call a General Council of the churches, for the purpose of determining the questions at issue between them and Plymouth Church. The questions to be proposed to the Council are mainly these: "Is it in accordance with the order and usages of Congregationalism that a member may terminate his connection with a church by absenting himself from its services? During such absence, if specific charges are made against him, is it in accordance with Congregational usage for the church to drop his name from its roll, 'without reflection upon him?' When such a member is charged with 'having circulated and promoted scandals derogatory to the Christian integrity of the pastor, and injurious to the reputation of the church,' is his release by the church, without censure, in accordance with the rule of Christ? Was the action of Plymouth Church in the case of discipline issued by it October 31 in accordance with the order and usage of Congregational churches? In view of this action of Plymouth Church, what is the duty toward it of the churches calling the Council?"

The time of holding the Council has not been named.

The Mennonites of Russia, who are trying to reach America in order to escape military service, find their way hedged about with difficulties. Some trouble is made about the conveyance of the lands already sold in Russia. It is stated also that about five thousand persons will need assistance from their brethren in the United States. It is proposed, therefore, to loan these the means for paying their passage hither. It is thought that as large a sum as $350,000 will be needed for this purpose.

Inasmuch as the Pope anathematizes the Old Catholics with a free tongue, it is not surprising that they retort now and then. The neatest sentence of this kind that we have seen is credited to Professor Knoodt, of Bonn, and runs thus: "Pius Nonus, Ecclesiæ Onus" (Pius IX., the incubus of the Church).

Father Secchi remains in charge of the observatory at the Roman College. The design of going to Ireland is therefore abandoned.

It is reported that staid old Scotland is likely to be Americanized in one particular—the style of church music. The visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey has called attention to the manner in which popular melodies can be made effective for religious uses. Some change is likely to follow in the methods of public prayer. An English paper says, "Were it for no other cause, these two reforms in the important matters of praise and prayer would suffice to show that the visit of the American evangelists to Scotland is destined to make an abiding and most salutary effect on that country, the indirect results of which for the highest spiritual good it would be impossible to exaggerate."

The English Episcopal churches were engaged, especially in London, during February in holding "missions," or daily religious meetings. The services were begun by a meeting for the clergy only in St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday, February 6. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester, and other bishops, have taken part in the preaching. In the ritualist churches the people are invited to confession, as appears in the following handbill issued by St. Alban's Church: "The priests of the mission and of the parish earnestly invite all who may, through the work of the mission, be moved by the Holy Ghost to come to them for help or advice or for confession at any time of the day."

Westminster Abbey has been opened for daily preaching; meetings for criminals have also been held in East London.

All hope that the distinguished missionary, Livingstone, might be alive is now abandoned. Letters from the Cameron party, dated October 20, confirm the report of his death, which occurred on the 15th of August. The body was expected at Zanzibar in February. At a meeting of the African section of the Society of Arts, in London, Sir Samuel Baker said that "the greatest possible proof of the enormous power Livingstone must have exercised over the Africans was the fact that his people were carrying the body home. He [Sir Samuel] never knew an African willing to carry a white man alive, and it was the very greatest possible proof of their love and devotion that these men, without hope of reward, were sadly and sorrowfully carrying their master home."

The place where Archbishop Ledochowski is confined is Ostrowo, which is a town within his own diocese. In his absence his coadjutor, Bishop Janisewski, directs diocesan affairs. It was apprehended that Ledochowski would follow the example of Mermillod, and undertake to exercise episcopal supervision from some retreat in foreign territory.

The Presbyterian missions in Mexico have had unparalleled success. In one year twenty-one congregations have been gathered, ranging in attendance from 30 to 250 person each. These are well placed in important towns. The Catholic priests are disposed to be troublesome; but fortunately have not the power to do any mischief.

The Bishop of Pernambuco, Brazil, is in prison. He was arrested in his palace by the police authorities, assisted by the military. In expectation of the event, he had arrayed himself in full canonicals, and was surrounded by his clergy. Thus has ended, for the present, the battle in Brazil between the Church and the state over Freemasonry. The Pope has been an active participant in the fray, having sent letters of warm approval to his bishop. The point at issue is the expulsion of Freemasons from guilds of Catholics, and on the refusal to do so the closing of the churches of the recusants. The state has ordered the churches to be re-opened, and the services to proceed as usual; this order the Bishop of Pernambuco has directed his clergy not to obey.

Monsiegneur Deschamps, the Primate of Belgium, has also issued a pastoral against Masonry. In it he says: "Masonry is the enemy of the Church. Whoever affiliates himself to Masonry affiliates himself to a society which blasphemes the divinity of Christ and the universal Church." In its bitterness against this order the *Catholic Review* undertakes to show that the great leaders in Europe of the battle against ultramontanism are Masons. Its list of distinguished members is curious, to say the least: "The sovereign protectors of all the lodges of Germany are the Emperor William and his son Frederick William Charles, Hereditary Prince of Prussia. The Duke Louis of Baden is Grand Master of the Grand Prussian Lodge of Royal York. At Vienna, Austria, Professor Schneeberger is Grand Master of the Lodge 'Humanitas,' and of eight other subordinate ones. William Frederick, Prince of the Netherlands, governs the Grand Orient of the Low Countries. The Grand Orient of Hungary, at Pesth, is governed by Georges Joanowicz, Minister of Public Worship and Under Secretary of State. The United States possess six thousand and thirty lodges. In Italy Masonry is better regulated than in any other country. The Grand Lodge was founded in 1802 at Milan. In 1872 it was transferred to Rome. Its Grand Masters are Joseph Garibaldi and Frederico Cappanella."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Vigorous measures have been adopted to relieve the millions in India who are in danger of starvation. Relief committees have been formed; rice is being sent into the famine districts at the rate of fifteen hundred tons daily. At Calcutta $75,000 were subscribed in two days for the suffering people, and in England a generous response has been made to the call for help.

Salmon and shad will soon be abundant in the rivers of Maine—the good result of the labors of the commissioners. The Penobscot, Kennebec, and Androscoggin are well stocked.

It is understood that Adelina Patti has engaged to be in New York about the middle of September, 1874. Moreover, that she will sing in operas, oratorios, or concerts, in the cities of the United States and Canada, one hundred nights, and for each performance she is to receive about $2500.

It is infinitely wiser, whenever it is possible, to give work to the unemployed, and pay them for it, than simply to give them food out of charity. Temporary relief is good, but self-supporting labor is better.

The Royal Library of Berlin is smaller than almost any other European public library, contains but few recently published books, and its catalogues are inaccessible to readers. The matter has now been brought before the Budget Commission, and a new library is now to be built, as well as new buildings for the Academy of Arts and the Ethnological Museum.

The Prince Imperial will attain his majority on March 18. There will be a great gathering at Chiselhurst on that occasion.

An economical Bostonian informs his fellow-citizens "how to get a breakfast for two cents." Oatmeal is the frugal bill of fare.

Every day thousands visit the free soup-houses in New York and Brooklyn. The charitable have opened hearts and purses to relieve the wants of the poor. Bread, meat, and vegetables are contributed freely, and the hungry are fed.

Should the Duchess of Edinburgh live to the age of fourscore, it is impossible to contemplate her wearing out the different articles which compose her trousseau. The Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Marie Antoinette boots and shoes to fit her Imperial Highness's foot are numbered by the gross. Parental forethought doubtless anticipated excursions in Swiss and Scotch mountains, hunts in Thuringian forests, probable visits in the winter season to Russia. Her snow and military boots are stitched with an elaboration of detail which might be thrown away in Western Europe.

The latest Chicago sensation was caused by two large rabid dogs, which raced through the thoroughfares of the north side, inflicting wounds upon men, women, children, and dogs. According to newspaper reports, seventeen persons and about sixty dogs were bitten. After much difficulty the frantic animals were shot; and Chicago is to be freed from many canines in consequence of the attacks made, which would render them dangerous residents of the city.

Calcutta has sent a dispatch to London stating that 280,000 persons are suffering for food in the districts of Tirhoot and Boligpoor, in Bengal.

On February 6 there occurred at La Guayra, Venezuela, the severest earthquake which has been known there since 1812.

The recent death of Charles Shirley Brooks removes a popular, witty, and genial writer from the field of English literature and journalism. As an author of dramatic compositions and of fiction he had acquired a high reputation. He was popular as a lecturer, was a valuable contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, and since the death of Mark Lemon the editorship of *Punch* has devolved upon him. Among his best novels are, *Aspen Court*, *The Gordian Knot*, *Sooner or Later*, and *The Silver Cord*. Mr. Brooks's death will be greatly regretted in the literary circles of England.

The California robbers who last October stopped a stage near Buckeye, and robbed the treasure box and ten passengers, have been arrested, convicted, and sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment.

It is estimated that about eight million pounds of artificial butter have been consumed in this country since last June. Oleomargarine is the technical name given to it. There are two oleomargarine factories in New York, which produce daily 19,000 pounds. It is made from the yellow, tasteless, and odorless oil obtained from beef suet.

An exchange offers the following effusion regarding the pronunciation of the title of Mr. William Black's recent novel:

> "Having got suggestions newly,
> I say now 'Princess of Thule;'
> Yet my friend persists in coolly
> Styling her 'Princess of Thule.'
> Still another (although you'll
> Wonder) says, 'Princess of Thule.'
> My bookseller has a fool
> For clerk, who says 'Princess of Thule.'"

Miss Smiley has been preaching in the West with great success. Her sermons are spoken of as "models of excellence and power." In some places she preached three times on the Sabbath, and held two, three, and sometimes four services week-days, crowds waiting on her ministry.

Out of 8961 children in the Sandwich Islands from six to fifteen years of age, 8287 attend school.

A law prohibiting the sale of adulterated wines and liquors, if strictly enforced, would so sensibly reduce the quantity in the market, that comparatively little evil would be done. Such a law for this State is under consideration.

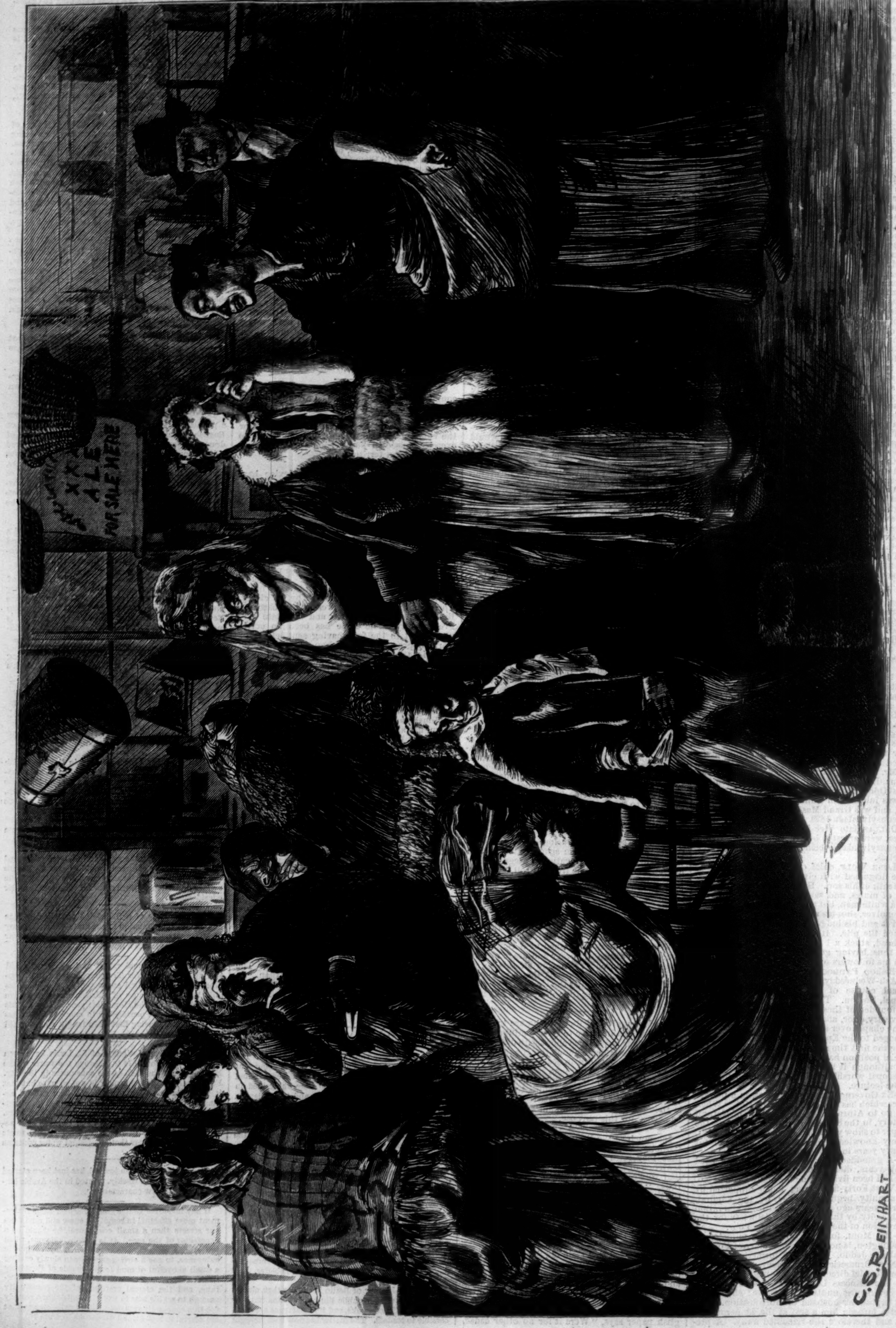
A lady graduate of a Philadelphia medical college has applied for admission to the State Medical Society of Minnesota. The doctors do not like it; they fear the beginning of such a revolution.

From the last annual report of the Woman's Aid Society and Home for Training Young Girls it appears that one hundred and seventy-seven homeless girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five were admitted to the Home last year. Most of this number have been provided with comfortable homes in the country, having first been taught some useful occupation.

The Water Commissioners of St. Louis have been endeavoring during 1873 to improve the water of the Mississippi for the sake of the consumers in the city. Facts indicate that the water is not so pure but that it is susceptible of improvement. The general arrangement is for the water to be pumped into "settling" basins, and from these into the city reservoirs. These are cleaned every week, and the sediment removed during the past year equaled 156,600 tons: from which it appears that Mississippi water contains some mud.

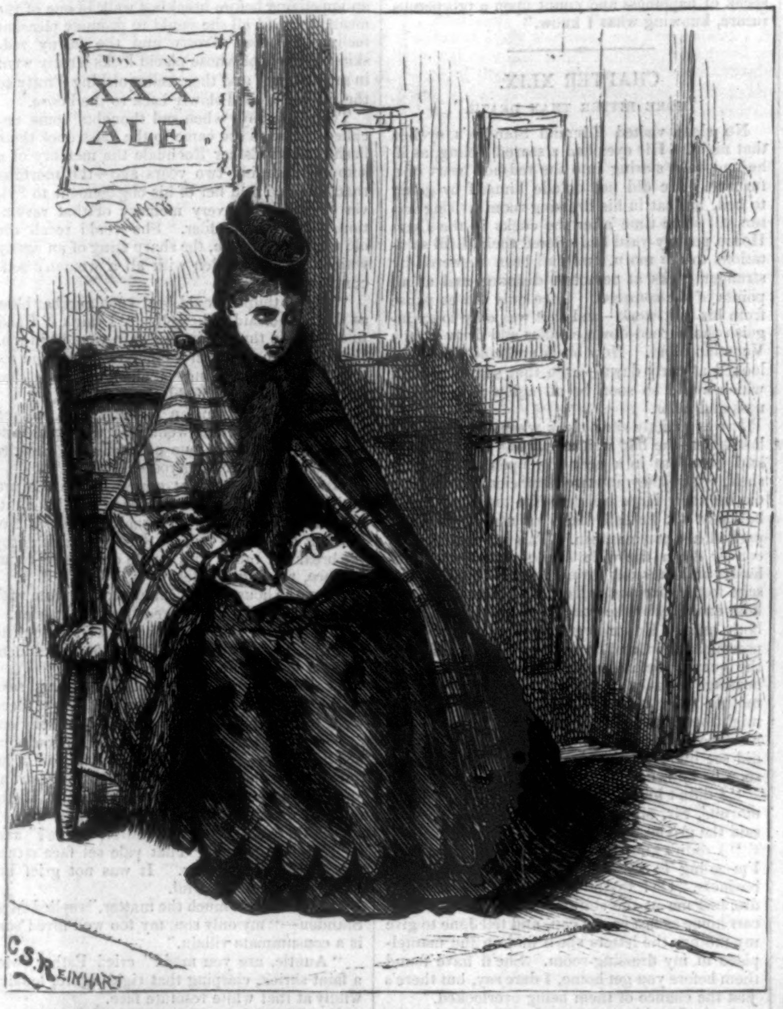
Glad Tidings, a Jewish journal, has just been started in Calcutta. It is a weekly, printed in the Arabic language and Hebrew characters.

If any inventive genius could discover some instrument more effectual in removing snow and mud from our streets than a small coal-shovel, he would be a benefactor of the race. It is simply ludicrous, when the streets are ankle-deep with a filthy composite substance, to see a strong-armed man slowly casting a small shovelful of mud from one side of Broadway to the other. Is there no one who desires fame, fortune, and the eternal gratitude of the community enough to set his wits to work in contriving a remedy for this constantly recurring winter evil—streets that are fearful to look at, and dangerous to cross?


XXX
ALE
FOR SALE HERE
C.S.REINHART

"You Shust Git Out."

WOMAN'S CRUSADE AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 238.]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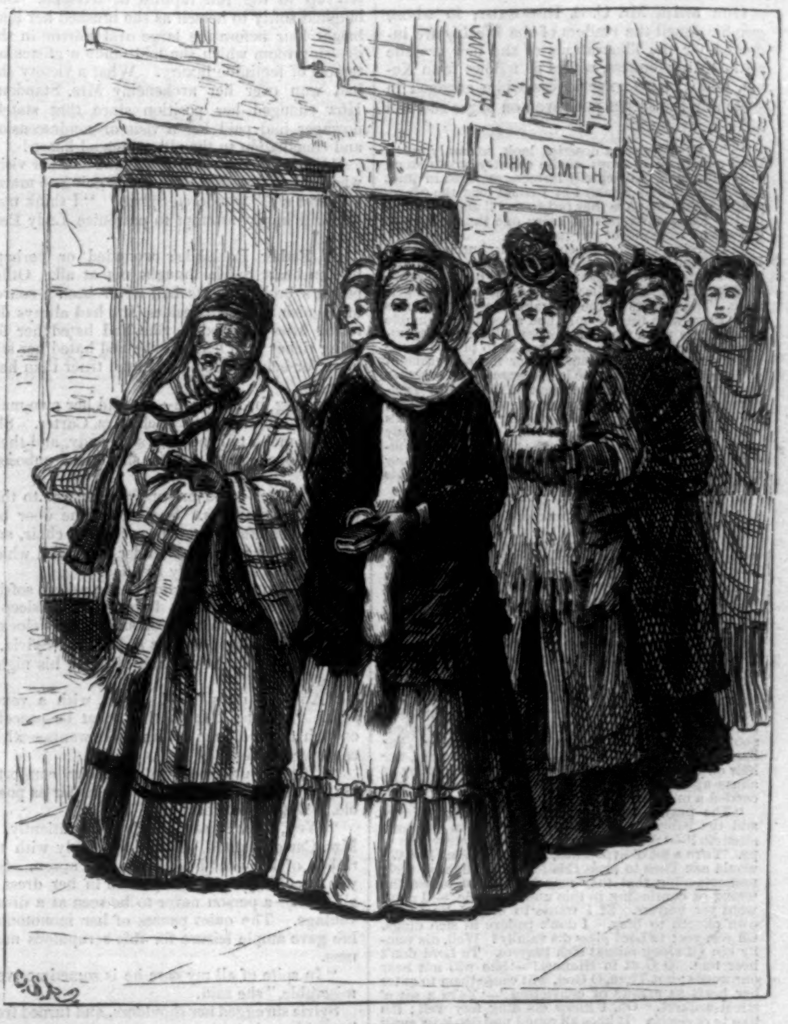
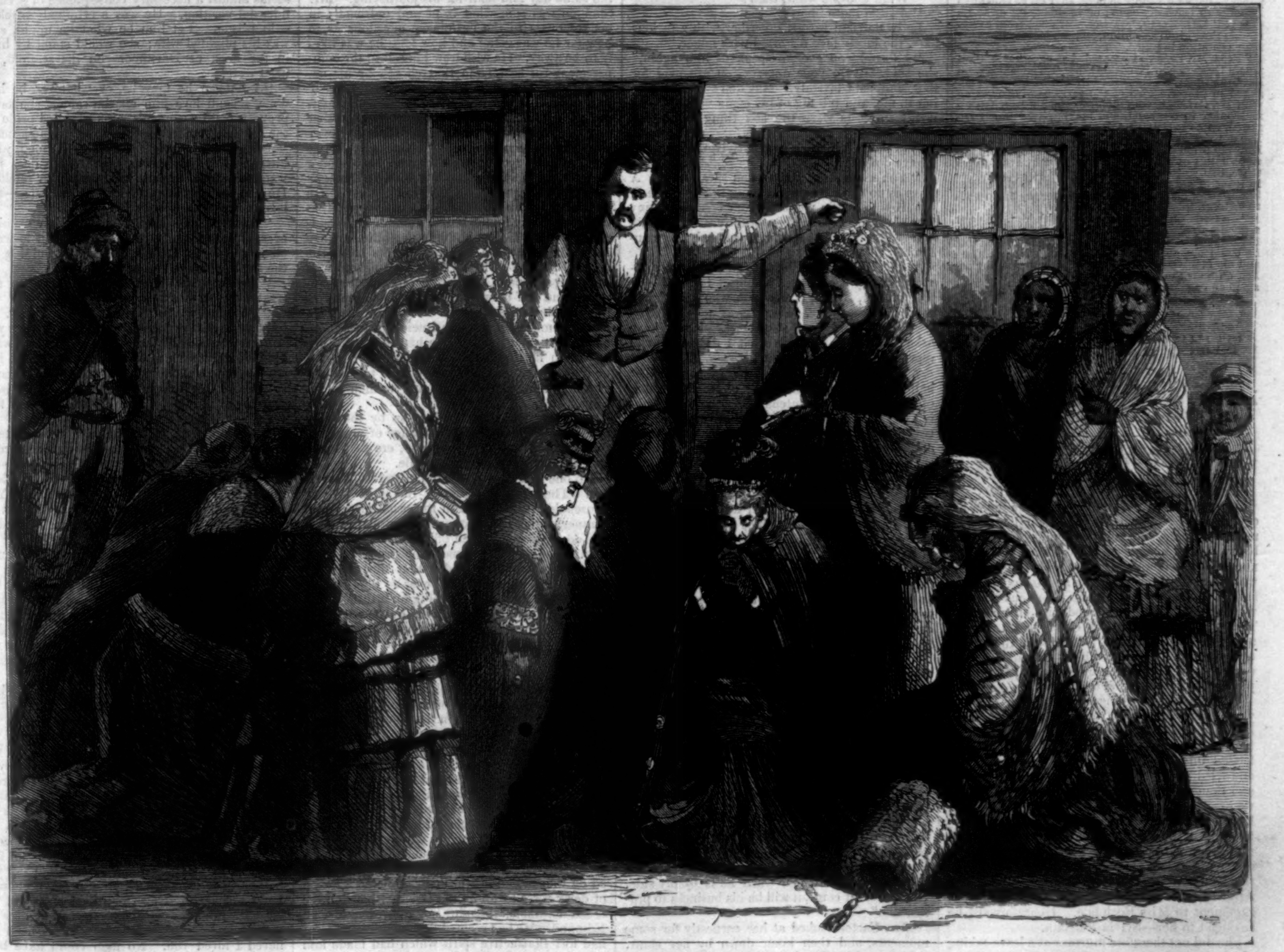
ALE.
C.S. REINHART

THE SENTINEL—TAKING DOWN NAMES AT A DRINKING SALOON.


JOHN SMITH
C.S.R.

HERE THEY COME!



PLEADING WITH A SALOON KEEPER.

WOMAN'S CRUSADE AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

WOMAN'S CRUSADE AGAINST WHISKY.

Our artist, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, to whose graphic pencil the readers of the *Weekly* are indebted for the illustrations of the new crusade against drunkenness, writes as follows from Xenia, Ohio, of his experiences while engaged in sketching the scenes portrayed on pages 236 and 237:

"The streets wore a deserted look, solemnly quiet. Here and there in front of the country stores stood little groups of men, chiefly farmers, engaged in quiet conversation. As I passed by I could hear the oft-repeated question, 'Are they out to-day?' and it seemed by the ready answers that every one thus addressed knew who were meant by 'they.'

"Observing two ladies entering a church (United Presbyterian, I believe), I followed them, and found myself in presence of about a thousand people, assembled for prayer and to discuss the subject of intemperance. The pastors of the several Protestant churches were there with their people, and a feeling of humble dependence upon God and a deep Christian earnestness in the work before them seemed to prevail in the heart of every one present. After the adjournment of the general meeting the ladies were called together by Mrs. Colonel Lowe, President of the Ladies' Temperance Association, who, after a few remarks, asked, 'Who will volunteer to lead a visiting party to Klein's saloon?' After a moment's pause, a middle-aged lady arose and signified her willingness to do so. She gathered about her some eight or ten others, and they started off in double file to beard Mr. Klein in his *den*, and I went with them.

"On arriving at the door of Klein's 'Confectionery and Toy Store,' without a moment's hesitation they filed boldly in, and occupied the whole space between the counters, which ran along three sides of the room. This room had a very barren appearance.

"On the approach of the ladies the family beat a hasty retreat, and barricaded themselves in a very mysterious back-room, from which issued a very strong odor of highly flavored XXX whisky, and the cries of a baby with very strong lungs.

"When the ladies began to sing 'Shall we gather at the river?' the baby cried a very loud and discordant solo, and the effect was not at all pleasing. At the conclusion of the hymn one of the ladies began a most beautiful and touching prayer. No sooner had she commenced, however, than Mrs. Klein (no doubt feeling that her premises had been unlawfully invaded) shot out from the back-room in fiery indignation, her bare arms revolving like the sails of a windmill, her hair on end, and began to pour forth such a volley of abuse upon the ladies that it seemed as though she carried a mitrailleuse in her mouth.

"The prayer continued, and so did Mrs. Klein and the baby. 'O Lord, we come not in our own strength!'—'Shust git out o' my shop efery one o' ye. Ye're a set o' hypocrites, dat's what y'are!'—'We would ask Thee to bless this family; enlighten their understanding that they may be enabled to see the wrong of continuing in this unholy traffic.'—'I don't want yer brayers. Ef I wants to bray, I ko to my own church to bray. I don't pelieve in sich dings. Oh yes, yes; te Lord pless dis vamily! Well, dis vamily kin git along mitout sich brayers. Te Lord don't hear tem. O Gott in Himmel!'—'She will not hear our words; but Thou, O God, wilt cause them to enter her heart as arrows of conviction!'—'Ye're a set o' street-walkers. Oh, I know dis ding fery well; it's like te *epysootic*. It koes all round und den koes away agen!'

"The climax was reached when Klein himself rushed into the room, bearing aloft a little parcel, and exclaimed, at the top of his voice, 'Git out o' my house immejutly, ye d—d hypocrites! Do ye see tat paper?—dat's ret pepper in dere, an' I gif ye shust five minutes to leave my shop; ef ye don't, I'll drow tis ofer ye!' Mr. Klein, however, refrained from carrying his threat into execution, and the ladies concluded their visitation in peace.

"From Mr. Klein's I proceeded at once to 'M. Carroll's Grocery and Provision Store.' The ladies were kneeling upon the sidewalk in front of his door, engaged in prayer. Two of the party were conversing with Mr. Carroll, who stood in the doorway with a newspaper in his hand, and looking very much annoyed, as he exclaimed, 'Now, I give ye fair warnin'. I've got the names of ivery one of ye, an' if ye don't l'ave my primises this instant, I'll push ye till the farthest extint of the law! I'm not a highwayman or a thafe, that ye should come makin' this d—d nonsense in front of my door. I pay my license to the United States government, an' I'll see whether my business is to be interrupted in this way!'

"The ladies pleaded courteously with him. He was a good-hearted fellow, and evidently got worsted in his argument. He looked convinced, and yet felt that he could not abandon a trade which supported him and his family with such ease. After remaining for half an hour the ladies left him, promising to return again and again until he would yield to their prayers."

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SYLVIA TRIUMPHS.

After that outburst of passion in the moon-lit church-yard, Edmund Standen went home, humiliated, remorseful, and as completely miserable as he had ever been in his life. There was no sense of triumph in the thought that Sylvia was once more his own, but a sense of deepest shame. He felt like some felonious wretch whose pockets were crammed with stolen gold. The joy of possession was extinguished in the agony of self-abasement. His jewel, the treasure of his life, the only object he had ever ardently desired, was restored to him, but at a price that made the gift worthless.

Not long did he linger in Perriam church-yard after that fatal avowal of weakness. He kissed the pale forehead, the sweet red lips, as he had been wont to kiss them in days of old; looked into the depths of those luminous eyes, and tried to pierce the soul that gave them light, and then tore himself away with but a brief farewell. He would have seen Sylvia safe within her own door ere he left her, but this she forbade. Of the future neither spoke. She was more than content. Her heart swelled with secret triumph, for she had made her lover's marriage with Esther Rochdale an impossibility. After to-night's avowal he dare not fulfill his engagement to Miss Rochdale. Henceforward he belonged to her—Sylvia Perriam.

She did not therefore murmur at a leave-taking which seemed at once sudden, constrained, and hurried. She knew he was sorry for what he had done. That late repentance mattered little. He had done it.

Safe in the solitude of her room, she gave herself up to the full rapture of triumph. She laughed softly to herself as she brushed her long bright hair before the large oval mirror in the dressing-room which she had made a glistening temple of feminine luxury. What a victory she had won over her archenemy Mrs. Standen! How changed her position since that stately dowager had paid her a visit of condescension and conciliation to the village school-house!

"Will she come here to pay me another visit, when she is told that Edmund is going to marry me after all?" wondered Sylvia. "I think not. She will hardly attempt to patronize Lady Perriam."

Of Esther Rochdale's wounded or perhaps broken heart Sylvia thought not at all. Other people's broken hearts had never been a source of anguish to her. Besides, she had always detested Miss Rochdale. She had hated her for being richer than herself; she had hated her still more for being better, purer, and truer than herself.

She rang for her maid—she had her own maid now—and told her to fetch Mrs. Carter. She was in a mood to confide in somebody, and there was no one else to whom she could unbosom herself.

Mrs. Carter came promptly in answer to that unwonted summons. She closed the door behind her carefully, drew near Sylvia's chair, and bent over her with that tender look with which timidity was so painfully blended.

"Are you better, darling?" she asked, softly.

"Better? I am well. Is your patient asleep?"

"Yes, he has been asleep since nine o'clock."

"He sleeps well, doesn't he?" asked Sylvia.

"Very well. Yes, thank Heaven, his nights are all peace."

"And his days," said Sylvia, with a vexed look. "I should think they must be peaceful enough too. You give him all he wants—all he can ever ask for?"

"I try my uttermost to make him comfortable, and even humor his caprices as far as possible. But in spite of that—"

"Well, what?" asked Sylvia, impatiently, as Mrs. Carter paused, playing nervously with the ribbon of her neat little black silk apron. She was peculiarly neat and precise in her dress at all times—a person never to be seen at a disadvantage. The quiet pauses of her monotonous life gave ample leisure for this scrupulous neatness.

"In spite of all my care he is sometimes very miserable," she said.

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders, and turned from her with an impatient movement.

"I suppose it is in the nature of his malady to be miserable," she answered, coldly.

"I don't think it is altogether that."

"What does he want, then?"

"A little more liberty."

Lady Perriam turned upon her with a furious look, the lovely face distorted with anger.

"I forbid you ever to speak of him again," she said. "Do your duty. You are paid for that, and paid lavishly. But don't come whining to me, and talking of his being unhappy—as if my interests were the last thing you cared about."

"Is that a fair thing to say, Sylvia, after what I have done for you?"

"You undo it every time you speak of it. A favor is no favor when it is flung in one's face."

"How often do you fling your bounties in my face?" retorted the mother, bitterly. "Why did you send for me to-night, if it was only to be unkind?"

"I didn't mean to be unkind—but you provoked me by speaking of a subject I hate."

"Indeed, Sylvia, it was you who questioned me."

"You should have some tact. I may have asked a straight question; but I did not invite reproaches or lamentations."

Mrs. Carter looked at Lady Perriam with that half-sorrowful half-wondering expression which often marked her countenance. She was thinking of the strange resemblance in character between father and daughter. In each the same absorbing self-love—in each the same indifference to the woes of others.

Lady Perriam recovered her temper, and poured the story of her triumph into her mother's ear. It was not from any natural affection for that mother, whom she had, since her widowhood, condescended to acknowledge in the seclusion of her own rooms, though to the little world of Perriam Place Sylvia's mother seemed no more than the hired sick-nurse. It was from no impulse of filial love, but only from a desire to talk to some one—to have some sympathetic ear to listen to the triumph of woman's art over man's honor.

"It was not till I pretended to give him up that I brought him to my feet," she said, after telling her story. "Till then he was rock. I told him to go back to Esther Rochdale; he saw me melting from his sight, and in the next moment I was in his arms, and he was as much my own as when we parted by the tomb of the De Bossinnys. It was a happy thought to make him meet me in the church-yard; the scene brought back all the old feelings. And now he is mine once more—my Edmund—and I am rich enough to laugh at Mrs. Standen's petty fortune. We will be married as soon as my year of widowhood is over, and he will come and lighten up this gloomy old house with his presence. I shall feel no more fear when he is by my side. Let the worst come, it will be his business to protect me."

Mrs. Carter looked at her earnestly for some moments, and then knelt down by her chair, and clasped her hands, and looked into her eyes with passionate appeal. "Oh, Sylvia," she cried, "why did God give you all good things except heart and conscience? It tortures me to hear you talk like this. I would rather see you groveling in the dust, anguish-stricken, than hear you speak of happiness and count upon a prosperous future, knowing what I know."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"MORE BITTER THAN DEATH."

No sleep visited Edmund Standen's eyelids that night. His eyes had a seared feeling, as if he had been staring into the red-hot heart of a furnace. He did not delude himself by going to bed, but sat in his dressing-room writing letters till some time after the cocks in the Dean House poultry-yard had offered their shrill salutations to the morn, and had been answered by stranger cocks at remotest distance, and at all points of the compass. Once only did he pause from his task-work—and that was only to extinguish the burned-down candles and draw up the Venetian blind. How bleak and cold the world looked at early dawn—even that summer world which would so soon be all aglow with brightness and color.

It was exactly six o'clock when he sealed the last letter—he had written no less than three—laid them out in a neat row upon the mantel-shelf, where they appeared sufficiently conspicuous in their large business-like envelopes. By half past six he had made his usual toilet, and packed his portmanteau. This he contrived to convey down the wide shallow staircase noiselessly, and thus out through the long stone passage to the spacious stable-yard. Here he found help enough, for the coachman and groom were both astir. He ordered the dog-cart, put his portmanteau in, and drove off as the clock chimed the quarter before seven. His heart had been beating uneasily all the time. Esther and his mother were both early risers. One of them might hear the wheels, and be in time to witness his departure. Yet it mattered very little if they did see him: all the abominable truth would so soon be known.

"I didn't know you was goin' anywheres this mornin', Sir, or I'd have had the trap ready," said the groom, speculatively.

"I didn't know as much myself till last night. I'm going to Germany for a few months, on business. Oh! by-the-bye, Evans, after you've dropped me at the station, you'll take the dog-cart home as fast as you can, and tell Jane to give my mother the letters she'll find on the mantel-piece in my dressing-room. She'll have found them before you get home, I dare say, but there's just the chance of them being overlooked."

At the Monkhampton station Mr. Standen met a man he knew. Depart from a country town when you will, there is generally some individual of your acquaintance who contrives to choose the same day and hour for his journeying. Mr. Standen was somewhat brief and unfriendly in his responses to the customary questions as to how far he was going and how long he was likely to be away. He withdrew himself to the compartment furthest from that chosen by his acquaintance, and altogether comported himself in a sullen and bearish fashion. He was too angry with himself to be commonly civil to other people. What was he doing? Running away from the consequences of his sin, making a base and dastardly retreat from the ruin his dishonor had wrought. He could not look in Esther's face and tell her how he had wronged her. He could not endure to see those gentle eyes, that had never looked upon him in unkindness, clouded by tears. He could fancy the white change in that innocent face, but he could not brook the sight of it. So he had written his plighted wife a long, passionate, despairing letter, full of remorse and self-upbraiding, humbling himself in the dust, but telling her all the bitter truth. He had been mistaken when he fancied himself cured of his first fatal passion; he had deceived himself when he thought he loved her—a hard and humiliating confession for any man to make, a crushing announcement for any woman to receive.

He was on his way to London by the early express, speeding on the first stage of a journey that he meant to be a long one, ere that letter was delivered to Esther Rochdale.

No one had heard Edmund Standen's departure. The daily business of the quiet orderly household went on just in the usual methodical manner, though the young master had ordered the dog-cart and driven off in that unexpected way. The servants, almost too respectful even to be inquisitive, concluded that this early departure had been arranged ever so long beforehand. Mr. Standen was going on a little bit of a tour in foreign parts before he married and settled down into a ponderous, unlocomotive country gentleman. Mrs. Standen was always reserved. She was not a woman who unbosomed herself to an upper house-maid, or poured her woes into the ears of a cook. The Dean House servants lived on the fat of the land, had ample wages, and kind nursing in the hour of sickness; but they lived afar off from their mistress, and their feelings toward her were rather respectful than sympathetic.

Esther came down stairs at a few minutes before seven, just about five minutes after the dog-cart containing her perjured lover had rolled briskly out of the stable-yard, with that cheery sound which swift-revolving wheels always have on a sunshiny morning—a sound of life and progress. She strayed out into the garden, loitered on the smooth gravel mall, gathered a bunch of dewy roses to fill an old Oriental bowl on the breakfast-table, thought, not quite happily, of Edmund. He had seemed dull and tired of late; had lost that active spirit which had made him eager for long walks, for new music, for small domestic pleasures. They were working him too hard at the bank. Yes, that was it. He always came home tired now.

Esther made the round of garden and orchard; took Trotty, the eldest of Edmund's nieces, for an appetizing before-breakfast walk in one of the meadows; did all she could to promote pleasant feelings between Trotty and the tawny red-skinned cows, of whose placid looks Trotty went in awful fear; and then, relinquishing Trotty to the nurse, strolled slowly back to the house.

There are days when sad thoughts come uncalled. Just as she came to the glass door there flashed upon Esther Rochdale the memory of a summer morning two years ago—the morning that Edmund told her of his engagement to Sylvia Carew. The very memory of that revelation made her shudder. She could recall the old unforgotten pain, the sharp sting of an agony which she had hidden with all a woman's self-command.

"I don't think I could bear such another blow as that," she said to herself. "I think if I had to suffer like that again, the pain would kill me. But what can put such a fancy into my head to-day, when every thing is changed since that time, and I am thoroughly happy?"

She tried to dismiss a memory that seemed mere foolishness, and went into the breakfast-room, softly singing one of Edmund's favorite airs as she arranged her roses.

Mrs. Standen was not seated before the urn with her open prayer-book, ready for the eight-o'clock prayers, after her usual manner at five minutes before the hour. She was standing by the breakfast-table, with a pale disordered countenance, reading a letter.

Jane, the house-maid, came into the room with a tray just as Esther entered from the garden.

"Tell them that I don't feel well enough to read prayers this morning," said Mrs. Standen, without looking up from the letter.

The servant stared ever so little. Illness, save of the most serious character, had never been wont to interfere with Mrs. Standen's religious duties. She had read prayers in the agonies of headache and neuralgia, in the prostration of influenza; yet she stood there this morning, strong and stern of aspect, and said she was too ill for that customary duty.

"Is there any thing the matter, auntie?" asked Esther, agitated. That pale set face struck terror to her somehow. It was not grief but anger that made it awful.

"There is this much the matter," replied Mrs. Standen—"my only son, my too well loved son, is a consummate villain."

"Auntie, are you mad?" cried Esther, with a faint shriek, clasping that rigid figure, looking wildly at that white resolute face.

Horrible visions of personal calamity flashed across her mind. Edmund had been forging, or embezzling, or something dreadful of that kind. People in banks so often end by forging. It seems almost a necessary consequence of a confidential position. He was a criminal—a felon—in prison. Let him be what he might, she was his plighted wife; she would stand by him in the dock at Dartmoor—on the scaffold, if need were.

"Whatever he may be, or whatever he has done, I shall love him all the same," she said, proudly, with a woman's wrong-headed pride in the extremity of her devotion to worthless man.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Standen, with bitter, half-contemptuous pity. "He does not want your love, he does not value your fidelity. He has the only kind of love he cares for—the love of a wicked woman."

"Auntie!" cries the girl, with widely opening eyes, and one hand stretched forth as if to ward off a blow. Something, the merest inkling of the truth, creeps into her mind.

"Auntie," she repeats, with desperate entreaty, "what has he done?"

"Deserted you for love of Sylvia Carew. I beg that lady's pardon—Lady Perriam. But you had better read his letter to you, and see what kind of excuse he makes for himself. He has tried to extenuate his conduct to me, not to justify himself. He is too wise for that. But he is no more a son of mine. I have done with him forever."

"No, no, no," cried the girl, passionately. "No, you shall not renounce him for any wrong done to me. He is your son, always your son, your son to the end. What was a mother's love meant for, except to outlive all lesser love? You are his mother, and you *can not* shut him out of your heart. You could not if he were steeped in sin. Where is the letter?"

She stretched out her hand almost mechanically to take the letter from the table where it lay beside her plate, as if it were the pleasantest letter in the world, instead of Cleopatra's deadly asp disguised in a sheet of Bath post. Then, with a piteous look at Mrs. Standen, she asked, "Why should he write to me—could he not tell me with his own lips? Did he think I should upbraid him?"

"He was ashamed of his dishonor, Esther, and he ran away—like a defaulting clerk. He has gone to Germany."

Again a faint cry broke unawares from the girl's pale lips—a broken-hearted cry, as of one whose palace of life has crumbled suddenly to dust and ashes. She broke the seal, and read her false lover's letter. No sense of degradation could be deeper than that which breathed in every line of that passionate letter.

"I hate—I despise myself beyond the common measure of contempt," he wrote, "but love her still. I have seen her—I need not tell you how our meeting came about—the fact is enough. I did not set myself to betray you. I did not go deliberately to my doom. As I hope for life eternal, Esther, I thought I was cured. I believed I loved you. No man could have been truer-hearted than I was that night on Cropley Common when I asked you to be my wife. It was not till I stood face to face with Sylvia Perriam, not till I was drunken with the sound of her voice, with the light of her eyes, with the fatal charm that she has for me, in every look and tone—not till then, as I live now and hope to live hereafter, did I know that the old lunacy still raged in my heart, that I had never forgotten her, never ceased to love her, never been less her slave, than I was when I first cast every consideration of self-interest to the winds for her sake. Can I ask you to forgive me? No! I am too sensible of my own infamy to entreat or to expect forgiveness. Forget me if you can; or if you can not quite blot out the memory of my dishonor, despise me, as I despise myself. I can not face the scorn which I have earned. I leave Dean House, in all probability never to return to it. I accept my mother's old sentence of disinheritance. I did not deserve it when it was first pronounced, but I acknowledge its justice henceforward. I have no right to the wealth of a man who never lied—I, who am stained by my falsehood to you. And now, my adopted sister—my promised wife—there is no other word between us, except farewell! If I respected you less, I might come to you with my tarnished honor, with half allegiance, and say, 'Let us keep our engagement; at the worst there will be as much love and truth between us as there is between three out of every six couples who swear changeless love and honor.' But I will not offer my pure Esther any thing less than my whole heart, any thing less than perfect truth and loyalty. Passion made me forget myself, and I confessed my love for the woman who jilted me two years ago. That confession, impulsive, unconsidered though it was, has dug a pit between us which I will not try to bridge over."

This ended the letter. Esther stood with her eyes fixed on the lines, tearless. This was that other blow which she had thought of, as a stroke barely within the limits of possibility, ten minutes ago. It had come very quickly. Would it be as deadly as she had told herself it must be? Just at present she seemed wonderfully stoical. She calmly folded the fatal letter, she took Mrs. Standen's cold hand in both of hers, and clasped it tenderly. She kissed the rigid, resolute face, trying to kiss it into softness.

"I can forgive him, auntie," she said; "with all my heart. Can not you forgive him too?"

"No, I can not forgive him. I will never forgive him for having treated you so cruelly—for having trifled with you, cheated you, deceived you."

"He deceived himself as well."

"He had no right to practice self-deception that must needs bring sorrow to you. Oh, Esther, forgive me!" cried the mother, with a sudden burst of passionate tenderness: "it was my fault—in some measure my fault. I was so anxious you should be his good angel, his consoler! I was always praising you to him, always leading him on to care for you."

"I know, I know," answered Esther, quickly, with a pained look. "It all sprang from your love for me; but it was a mistake. Let us forget it if we can. How much better that this should happen now than later! If the delusion had lasted only a little longer, till I had been his wife, and he had found out *then* that he still loved that other! Think what an escape we have had."

"Escape!" repeated Mrs. Standen, gloomily. "How can you talk of escape, when he has left you for the sake of that false, wicked woman—when he has gone headlong to his ruin?"

The open Bible lay under her hand. She turned to Ecclesiastes, and read in a stern voice, solemn as the utterance of an antique sibyl, "'And I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her.'"

CHAPTER L.

SYLVIA IS DISAPPOINTED.

After that moonlight meeting in the churchyard Lady Perriam looked upon her lover's subjugation as a settled thing. He would come to her next day, he would declare himself her slave forever, and they would only have to settle between them how soon they could decently marry.

Not until a year after Sir Aubrey's death—that delay seemed inevitable. However she might sigh for Edmund's companionship and protection, for the sense of security that there would be in that union, she must needs conform in some measure to the usages of society. Not until after this year was dead and gone, and a new year's snow-drops were gleaming whitely in the shrubbery borders, could she be Edmund Standen's wife.

He might repent and forsake her in the mean time.

"Forsake me!" she exclaimed, with a little laugh of triumph. "No, he will hardly do that. I know my power over him now. He fought his hardest against me last night, but I think the struggle is over. He will never try to break his fetters again."

All that day, the day of Edmund Standen's journey in the Monkhampton express, Lady Perriam watched for her lover's coming. She had no doubt that ere the day was done he would be at her side. He would not pause to calculate the effect of such a visit, the possibility of gossip or even scandal arising therefrom. He would come, full of a lover's rapture, reckless of all the world—come to ratify his impassioned vows of last night, come to set the seal of certainty upon their reunion.

He would come early perhaps, even before noon. He would hardly stop for conventional hours. She scarcely touched the dainty breakfast, not set forth in the solemn state of the dining-room, but neatly spread on a low round table in her boudoir—a table garnished with a low wide centre dish of biscuit-china full of summer's loveliest flowers—roses, seringa, Australian clematis, velvet-petaled geranium.

Breakfast, an idle dawdling meal with the widowed Lady Perriam, was over at last. She turned over half a dozen books, and could read none of them, so wandering were her thoughts. She looked at herself in the glass, and wondered if the change that Shadrach Bain had presumed to speak of were visible in her face to-day. No, it was all beaming, radiant loveliness. Triumph and hope had renewed the old lustre. Happiness was the true Medean bath. It had made her young again.

The day waned. Luncheon, a meal at which Lady Perriam tried to be maternal, and sacrificed comfort to baby worship, succeeded the long blank morning. The young heir of Perriam ate his morsel of boiled fowl minced to suit his budding teeth, cried a little, cooed and laughed a little, said mam-mam, was kissed and sent back to his own domain of the nursery. Lady Perriam dismissed him with a yawn.

"I do believe she cares less and less for that blessed little lamb every day of her life!" said Nurse Tringfold to Nurse Carter, in an indignant outburst, when the latter crept into the nursery to hang over the child's crib for a minute or two, and bless him as he slept.

"I never did see such a mother. She looks at him sometimes as if she didn't see him, and if he frets and whimpers a bit"—in this gentle manner did Mrs. Tringfold gloss over the bantling's shrieks and yells of rage when his infantine wishes were for the moment crossed—"she shivers, and looks as vexed as if he was somebody else's baby."

"Lady Perriam is very young," said Nurse Carter, apologetically.

"If she's old enough to have a baby, she ought to be old enough to care for him," answered Mrs. Tringfold, snappishly.

As the afternoon lengthened, Sylvia grew too impatient to endure the restraint of the four walls. She felt that Edmund Standen must come very soon now. The conventional visiting hour had arrived. If he wished to be strictly within rules, now was his time. Her impatience overmastered her. She put on her bonnet—the widow's little crape bonnet, which she rarely touched without a shudder of aversion—took up her black parasol, and went out. She went down the long avenue, where the monkey-trees spread their spiky arms above the smooth bright grass. This way was the only ceremonial approach to the house, the only carriage-way. Edmund Standen would drive, most likely, and would come this way.

More than once she had thought of his employment at the bank. It was just possible, after all, that he might not be able to come till the evening—just like a shop-man at Ganzlein's, who could only get out when the shop was shut. The idea was humiliating. He to be bound by any such restraint!—he who had once been so grand a gentleman in her sight!

She walked all the way down the avenue—looking straight before, between those two stiff lines of interminable monkey-trees—the tall elms rising grandly on either side behind them, shutting out the world beyond Perriam. She looked straight before her for distant dog-cart or pedestrian; but there was nothing—nothing but the spiky branches, the soft spreading greenery of the elms, the grass, the long straight road diminishing to a point in the distance, the blue warm sky.

Yes, there was something human in the remote distance. A few minutes ago he might have looked like a robin-redbreast, with that spot of scarlet on his neck. Now he had developed into a distant boy: a telegraph boy evidently, with those patches of red which enlivened his garments.

"Who would send me a telegram?" thought Sylvia, alarmed; not Edmund, certainly. There was no telegraphic communication between Hedingham and Perriam, no railway, no public conveyance—nothing but the rustic high-road, the modest meadow path. The short-cut by wood or corn field.

The boy came up the avenue whistling. What matter if he sometimes carried tidings of ruin or death? To him his avocation was commonplace enough. He had no idea that he was a kind of spurious Mercury, messenger of gods and men.

Lady Perriam stopped him as he came up to her.

"What message have you there?" she asked.

"A telegram for Lady Perriam."

"Give it me. I am Lady Perriam."

The boy looked at her suspiciously.

"I'm bound to deliver it up at The Place," he said, "and get the time wrote on it. I beg your pardon, my lady, but I must stick to rules."

"I've a pencil," she said; "will that do?" emphasizing the question with a fat clean shilling—not an attenuated, worn-out button of a coin, but a full-bodied shilling.

"Pencils don't do in general," answered the boy, "but I'll see if I can make it do this time."

Lady Perriam filled in the hour, 4.15—more than time that Edmund should have come—and dismissed the boy.

Then she read her telegram.

"From Edmund Standen, London, to Lady Perriam, Perriam Place, near Monkhampton."

"Edmund Standen, London!" Were the telegraph clerks mad to write such nonsense?

"I have left Hedingham, for an indefinite time, on my way to Germany. After what happened last night, it is my only course. I could not face home difficulties, and thought it well for all interests that I should be away. More by letter."

"Coward!" whispered Sylvia, with a serpent-like hiss. "Is this what his love is worth, after all?—*his love*, for which I have hazarded so much."

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler, United States Engineers, and party are in Washington, and are engaged in elaborating the results of their explorations in 1873. Already about 76,000 square miles of territory have been carefully gone over and topographed with a view to their representation in the new series of index maps now nearly ready for publication. Much valuable information in regard to the geology of the country, its mining facilities, and the probabilities of successful irrigation, has been obtained, and will be duly published. In the line of natural history the collections have been very large, embracing at least 1200 skins of birds, besides many hundreds of reptiles, fish, insects, etc. The botanical collection is said to be the finest and largest ever procured by a government expedition. The results of the work of the expedition for the years 1871, 1872, and 1873 are, we understand, shortly to be published, comprising seven large quarto volumes, which will prove a valuable addition to the scientific history of the great West.

Massachusetts was among the first to take the lead in regard to measures for the protection of its internal fisheries, and the State Fish Commissioners have just published their eighth annual report, for the year 1873, which, like its predecessors, is filled with important practical suggestions, and an account of thorough work, judiciously and economically prosecuted.

The most interesting item in the report proper is the record of the shad-hatching operations conducted on the Merrimac at North Andover. The increase of fish naturally resulting from the measures previously adopted by the State is shown by the much greater catch of breeding pairs, and the securing of double the amount of spawn of any previous year. The total number of fish taken amounted to 2691, while over eleven million spawn were secured. Of these over four millions were placed in the Merrimac; the others in the Neponset and the Monatoquot rivers.

A full report is given of the recent action in reference to the construction of a fish-way at Hadley Falls, near Holyoke, on the Connecticut, with a diagram showing the manner in which this is applied.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, held in January, a committee reported that to carry out the plan inaugurated by Professor Agassiz a considerably larger endowment will be necessary, and that the funds now on hand are not sufficient to conduct operations on the present scale later than the 1st of April, after which, unless an additional permanent income of $15,000 can be secured, it will be necessary to greatly reduce the scale of work: $30,000 per annum is estimated as being the least sum on which the establishment can be maintained on a satisfactory scale. Efforts are now being made to secure an additional endowment of $300,000, of which about $65,000 had been contributed at a recent date.

A useful work has lately been published by the Smithsonian Institution, as prepared by Professor F. W. Clark, of Howard University, Washington. This is the first part of a series entitled *The Constants of Nature*, and gives in tabular form the specific gravities, the boiling and melting points, and the chemical formulæ of a large number of substances, with indications of the authorities whence the facts are derived. The volume contains about 250 pages, and is well provided with the necessary indexes.

The International Congress of Orientalists, which was held in Paris in 1873, is to be convened in London in 1874. Its president, Dr. Birch, and several other gentlemen, have been appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements. The sessions are to occupy six evenings, while the mornings of each day will be devoted to visiting the different national institutions connected with Oriental literature and science. All persons interested in Oriental studies are invited to attend the congress. All communications should be addressed to Robert K. Douglas, British Museum, London. A subscription of twelve francs will be sufficient to secure membership.

Among recent deaths in the ranks of scientific men may be mentioned that of Dr. A. E. Von Reuss, a well-known geologist, of Vienna.

The vacancy in the Academy of Sciences of Paris in the section of anatomy and physiology, caused by the death of Professor Coste, has lately been filled by the election of Professor Gervais. Professor Alph. Milne-Edwards, son of Milne-Edwards senior, came second in the order among the candidates.

The council of the Geological Society of London has awarded the Wollaston Medal for the present year to Professor Oswald Heer, of Zurich, in acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by this eminent geologist in connection with the fossil plants of the European and American formations.

Professor J. Burgess has lately been appointed by the East Indian government archæological surveyor and reporter to the government for Western India. Mr. Burgess has made a large number of collections for a work illustrative of Ajanta and other cave-temples on the frontiers of the Nizam's territories, and expects to resume his researches with a view of securing further material for this work.

A bill has been introduced into Congress proposing an appropriation of $7000 to enable the Department of Agriculture to make a collection of all the species of trees growing throughout the United States, and for their exhibition in suitable cases. The collection itself, when completed, is to be exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, but to belong to the Agricultural Department, and to be returned to it.

A bill has lately been introduced into the Legislature of Colorado Territory providing for the establishment of a school of mines at or near Golden City, Jefferson County, the object of which is to supply special instruction in chemistry, metallurgy, mineralogy, mining, etc. Suitable buildings are to be erected for this school, and the necessary machinery and appliances furnished to carry out the object of the institution. It is to be opened to all the inhabitants of the Territory without regard to sex or color. An appropriation of $5000 is proposed for the completion of a building already commenced, and for fitting it up with the necessary apparatus.

An important addition to the series of scientific and medical journals has lately appeared, under the title of *The Chicago Quarterly Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, edited by Drs. J. S. Jewell and H. M. Bannister. The contents of the first number are a satisfactory earnest of what is to come hereafter; and in a judicious selection of foreign articles from somewhat inaccessible sources, and in original contributions, there is much that will commend itself to the student.

A universal international exposition on insectology is proposed to be held in Paris on the 20th of September, in the Palace of Industry (Champs Elysées). The object is to show the applications of entomological science in the way of protection, and to give instruction in agriculture, horticulture, and viticulture (as to the form of instruments, methods of destruction of insects, education, etc.), in industry (in dyeing, etc.), hygiene, and alimentation. The circular, stating the conditions of the exhibition and other information, can be had of the editor of the *Revue Hebdomadaire de Chimie Scientifique et Industrielle.*

A very notable enterprise of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences some years ago, in the absence of any State arrangement for the purpose, was the initiation of the Geological Survey of the State of Louisiana, with a view of obtaining a general idea of its mineral resources, and of making observations in regard to its agriculture, topography, and natural history. Professor E. W. Hilgard, an eminent geologist and chemist (and, we believe, a brother of Professor J. E. Hilgard, of the United States Coast Survey), volunteered to take charge of the work, in which he was assisted by Dr. J. R. Walker and Mr. F. Scott Miller.

Several months were spent in 1869 in the investigation, the results of which have just been published by the society in a pamphlet of forty-four pages. The topography, the peculiar features of Attakapas and other prairies, the Calcasieu Prairie, Lake Charles, Sabine Parish, the Red River, and other important regions in the State, are all passed in review, and much information of especial value is presented.

Professor Hilgard states in general terms, as the result of his researches, that the geological formation of Louisiana lying west of the main axis of the Mississippi Valley is more or less accurately the reflected image of that of the States of Mississippi and Alabama east of the same.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is scarcely credible that a child but four years old could perpetrate so perfect a pun as the one alleged in the following incident; but its truth is certified to us by a Philadelphia correspondent. The author of it was a little girl. She was playing with her doll by the side of her mother, when, after some consideration, she said, "Mother, I wish my doll was realized." "Why, what do you mean?" her mother inquired. "Why," she replied, "you see, she has only glass eyes; I want her to have real eyes."

A paper giving an account of Toulouse, in France, says, "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*"

Lady L——, who had a very fair skin, said one day to Lady G——, of whom she was a little jealous, "It must be confessed, my dear, that for so beautiful a brunette, you are very brown." "I suppose," answered Lady G——, "it is in consequence of being so often toasted."

The world is the stage, men are the performers, Chance composes the piece, Fortune distributes the parts, the fools shift the scenery, the philosophers are the spectators, the rich occupy the boxes, the powerful have their seat in the pit, and the poor sit in the gallery. The fair sex presents the refreshments, the tyrants occupy the treasury bench, and those forsaken by Lady Fortune snuff the candles. Folly makes the concert, and Time drops the curtain.

When is a house like a bird?—When it has wings.

Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveler, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "That is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

Pray, is it owing to the weather
That U and I can't dine together?—
Why, no—the reason is, d'ye see,
U can not come till after T.

A saloon in Dubuque contains the following, printed on card-board, incased in an elaborate gilt frame, and hung behind the bar: "Boeetevely Notrust."

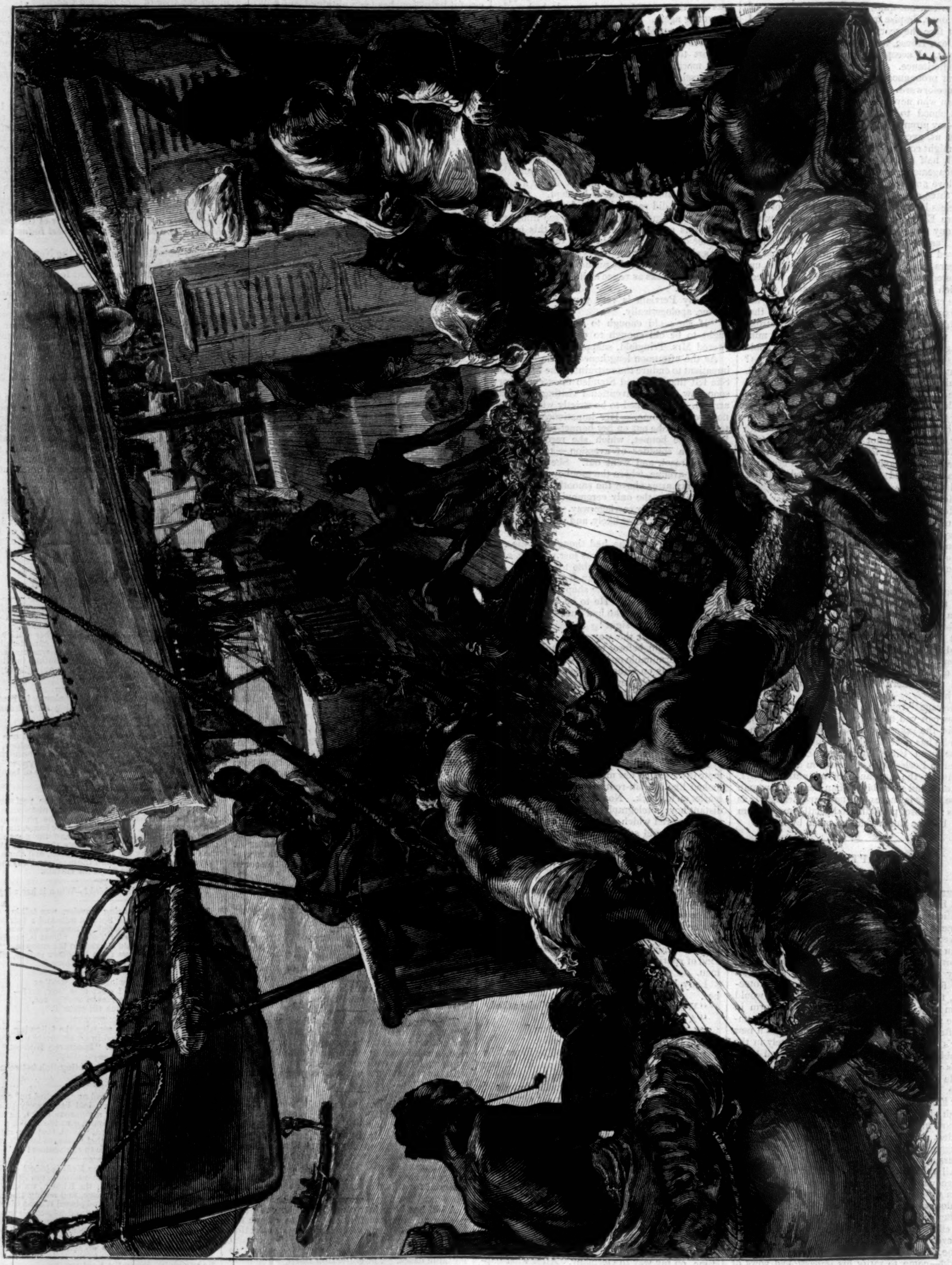
Hash is said to be the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom.

A tippler who had his load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against!"

It happened once that the Kadi (a judge) of Sarry-Hissar, a village near Constantinople, got drunk, and fell asleep in his vineyard; the Khojah, walking with a friend, passed by the place, and seeing the Kadi's condition, stole his gown and placed it upon his shoulders. When the Kadi awoke and missed his gown he summoned his attendants, and sending them in different directions, commanded them to arrest the person with whom it should be discovered. One of the officers recognized the gown on the Khojah's back, and seizing him, dragged him to the Melikemeh (the public tribunal). When the Kadi saw him he demanded: "Khojah Effendi, where didst thou find this gown?" The Khojah answered in a loud voice, so that all the spectators might hear: "As I was walking this morning with a friend we saw a Kadi so reckless of the holy law he was appointed to administer that he lay in an open field, dead drunk and asleep. My companion, in indignation, spat upon and kicked him; I took his cloak and put it on me. If it be thy property, I am willing to resign it to thee." "No, no, Khojah!" cried the Kadi, alarmed for his reputation; "it is none of mine! it is none of mine!"

TAKING IN LIVE STOCK.

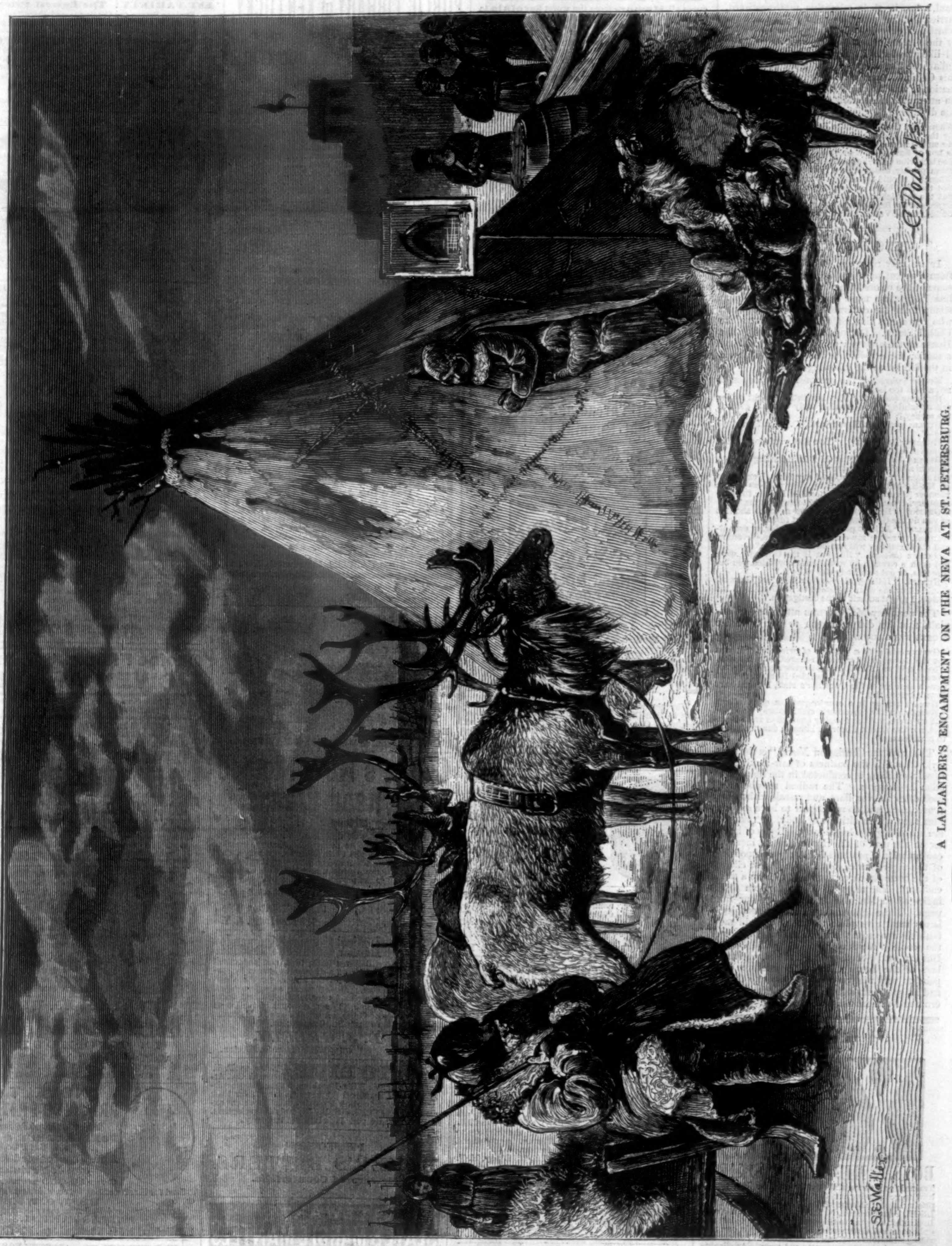
A **correspondent** with the English expedition against the Ashantees thus pleasantly describes the scene depicted in our illustration: "After being accustomed for some years to the natives of Bengal, with their scowling faces and impassible manner, beneath which it is extremely difficult to penetrate so as to discover their real sentiments, it is quite a pleasure to get among the negroes of West Africa. They have their faults, it is true; though many of them, especially the Kroomen, are magnificent in their muscular development, so as to be fit models for a Hercules in ebony, they have not much of that adventurous gentleman's pluck, but are apt to start off and run as soon as they hear a shot fired in anger. Nor are they always to be relied on as bearers of burdens; they will labor for a short time, but as soon as they have received enough pay for their immediate necessities they do not hesitate to leave you and your baggage in the lurch in the midst of a dense forest, and with a scorching sun overhead. Lastly, like all members of their race, they are highly odoriferous, so that on board ship we were compelled to pass an edict that no officer should have his servant to wait on him, for a couple of dozen of these fellows behind our chairs would have rendered the atmosphere of the already highly heated cabin perfectly unendurable. So we restricted the blacks to the deck, and there, I must say, they displayed the most amiable qualities, for, in spite of occasional qualms of seasickness, and some heavy deluges of rain, which drenched them to the skin, they were perpetually laughing; and when the weather cleared and the sun shone out they sang, they asked riddles, they yah-yahed—in fact, they went on so wonderfully like a certain distinguished body of performers at St. James's Hall that it was difficult to believe that they were not a troupe of professional minstrels come down to the west coast for a pleasure trip.



TAKING IN LIVE STOCK FOR THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION—SCENE ON BOARD SHIP AT JELLAH KOFFEE.

"But our sable friends came out more strongly than ever when we arrived at Jellah Koffee for the purpose of taking live stock on board. Any one who has been by the Overland Route has seen the Maltese boys who pester the Peninsular and Oriental passengers with their 'For dive, Sir—for dive, Sir;' but they were nothing compared to our jolly Kroomen, who plunged into the water on the slightest pretext, like a pack of Newfoundland dogs. A biscuit was enough to tempt them, and they seemed especially to enjoy eating their prize in the sea. Matters reached a climax when the period for shipping the live stock came. Live stock is apt to be obstinate on such occasions, and to object strongly to embarking for a sea-voyage; consequently a Babel of sounds filled the air—goats bleating, sheep baaing, pigs squealing, poultry cackling, and, above all, negroes shouting and yelling to an extent beyond the power of most white men's lungs. It was nearly as bad as the noise on the Paris Bourse. Then the animals, warned, apparently, by instinct that they are about to be consigned to a floating prison, make themselves as disagreeable as possible, and produce all sorts of comic incidents. Pigs run between the legs of corpulent men, and lay them prostrate; unconscious sable gentlemen find the horns of an enraged goat where their own coat tails ought to be if they had any; fowls dodge their pursuers in the cleverest fashion—in fact, the whole scene resembles an ebony pantomime, saving that every body, quadruped or biped, uses his lungs to the utmost. The scene is most provokingly ludicrous, and helps greatly to relieve the monotony of our daily life."

Jellah Koffee, referred to in the foregoing account, is a small port lying between Accra and Lagos, latitude 5° 35′ north, longitude 0° 7′ east. It has a limited trade, principally British, French, and American, with a few Portuguese vessels. The population is about 5000.



A LAPLANDER'S ENCAMPMENT ON THE NEVA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

A LAPLANDER'S HUT.

OUR illustration on this page shows a Laplander's encampment on the Neva, drawn by the artist at the time of the royal marriage at St. Petersburg. The hut is made of skin, with an opening at the top to allow the smoke to escape, and on the whole is not unlike a red Indian's wigwam. The skins of which the tent is made are mostly reindeer hides, "the woolly side in," giving a warm and comfortable appearance to the dwelling, which in snowy climes is as snug as could be desired. The ice inside is covered with a carpet of furs, while in the centre is a fire burning on a hollowed-out stone. Round the tent is a *cordon* to keep out the impecunious curious, as a small gratuity is required to make the proprietor open his door to a stranger, while outside are the sleighs and reindeer—picturesque animals, with long graceful horns. At this season of the year, however, they shed these appendages, which makes them look not unlike well-shaped ponies. Of the Laplanders themselves we need say little. They are as short, squabby, flat-faced, and redolent of savory grease as any of their brethren within the arctic circle.

WHO FIRST MADE WHISKY?

THERE is pretty good evidence for supposing that no less a person than Osiris, the great god of Egypt, was the first *distiller of whisky* on record. For the Egyptians had, from time almost immemorial, a distillation or brewage from barley, called by the Greeks barley-wine, not inferior, they say, in flavor, and superior in strength, to wine. Allusion is made to this liquor in several passages of ancient writers. The poor people of Egypt drank it instead of wine, and were wont to intoxicate themselves with it, just as our poorer people do with whisky. It seems also to have been no stranger to the Hebrews, for reference is certainly made to it in the Old Testament under the name of "strong drink," stronger than wine, and resorted to by determined drinkers for the sake of inebriation. Among the Celtæ in Spain and France it seems to have been common as a substitute for wine. Polybius speaks of a certain Celtic king of part of Iberia, of Spain, who affected great court pomp, and had in the middle of his hall golden and silver bowls full of this barley-wine, of which his guests and courtiers sipped or quaffed at their pleasure—a custom which, it is said, for many a century prevailed among his Celtic descendants, the reguli of our Scottish Highlands. The antiquity of this distillation is proved by the Egyptian tradition which ascribed its invention to Osiris. It may not be improbably supposed that the Egyptians communicated the invention to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it northward to the Thracians, and Celtæ of Spain and Gaul, who, in their migration northwestward, carried it along with them into Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. The barley-wine was called by the Greeks *bruton* (Query, brew?), which in all likelihood was its Egyptian or Celtic name. Julian the Emperor wrote a Greek epigram on this Celtic beverage, which proves in what estimation it was held by the Greeks. We subjoin an attempted translation of it for the benefit of the distillers:

Whence art thou, thou false Bacchus, fierce and hot?
By the true Bacchus! I do know thee not.
He smells of nectar: thy brain-burning smell
Is not of flowers of heaven, but weeds of hell.
The lack-vine Celts, impoverished, breeched, and rude,
From prickly barley spikes thy beverage brewed;
Whence I should style thee—to appraise thee right—
Not the rich blood of Bacchus, bounding bright,
But the thin ichor of old Ceres' veins,
Expressed by flames from hungry barley grains,
Child-born of Vulcan's fire to burn up human brains.

APING BAD EXAMPLES.

If we may trust the following report, taken from a recent number of the Charleston *News*, some of the colored members of the South Carolina Legislature must be men of very different stamp from the cultivated and able gentleman who represents that State in the Congress of the United States. During a recent debate in the House on the appropriation for the penitentiary, a motion for a reduction of the amount named in the bill led to the following scene:

MINORT (*colored*). "The proposed appropriation is not a whit too large."

HUMBERT (*colored*). "The institution ought to be self-sustaining. The member only wants a grab at the money."

HURLEY (*coming to* MINORT'S *relief*). "Mr. Speaker, I rise—"

HUMBERT (*to* HURLEY). "You shet you mouf, Sah." (Roars of laughter.)

GREENE (*colored*). "That thief from Darlington." (A delicate allusion to HUMBERT.)

HUMBERT. "If I have robbed any thing, I expect to be Ku-Kluxed by just such highway robbers as the member [GREENE] from Beaufort. If I get in the penitentiary, I won't ask for $65,000 to support me."

GREENE (*to* HURLEY). "You know as much about it as you do the Governor's contingent fund."

HURLEY. "At least no one has been able, or ever attempted, to refute my charges against the Governor, and his Excellency will not dare deny them."

GREENE (*colored*). "No; but if the Governor were not such a coward, he would have cowhided you before this, or got somebody else to do it."

HURLEY. "If the gentleman from Beaufort [GREENE] would allow the weapon named to be sliced from his cuticle, I might submit to the castigation."

The next day Mr. GREENE attempted to explain that he did not mean to say Governor MOSES was a coward.

GREENE (*rising to a question of privilege*). "It was not the Governor to whom I referred, but his aids. What I said was that if the Governor's aids were not cowards, they would have cowhided HURLEY, and if I were a member of the Governor's staff, I would have done it before this."

HURLEY (*rising to a counter-question of privilege*). "Nobody on the Governor's staff, nobody he could put on there, not the doughty gentleman from Beaufort, nor the valiant Governor himself, dare undertake to cowhide me."

This, says the Charleston *News*, "is the usual style in which the business of law-making and money-grabbing is conducted in the South Carolina Legislature. The radical members call each other thieves, liars, and rascals without any provocation, and do not appear to have any idea that they are insulting any body, or that they are not telling the Gospel truth. Roars of laughter on the part of the House and an increased consumption of pea-nuts follow these outpourings of fish-fag rhetoric; but for the honest citizens of the State the farce threatens to have a tragic ending." The moral to be drawn from this is indicated in Mr. NAST'S cartoon on our front page. These ignorant and incompetent legislators must give place to those who will more faithfully represent the worth and intelligence of the people of the State, both white and colored. But it must be confessed that the colored members of the South Carolina Legislature could point to very unsavory precedents as to manner and language among white legislators of Southern and Northern States.

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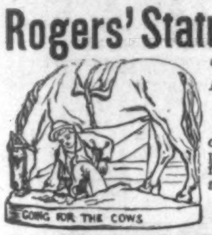

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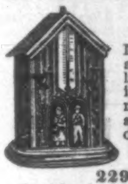

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There are also in this number illustrated articles on the Bermuda Islands; on "Archibald Constable and his Times," with some interesting views of Edinburgh, and portraits of the prominent literary celebrities of that city fifty years ago; and on "The Chevalier Bayard."

WALT WHITMAN contributes a remarkable poem, entitled "The Prayer of Columbus." The number also contains poems by ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN, JOHN JAMES PIATT, and PAUL H. HAYNE.

Two short stories of thrilling interest are contributed, "Jo and I," by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and "A Scheme for Vengeance," by MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY. The two Serial Stories, "My Mother and I," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, and "The Living Link," by Professor JAMES DE MILLE (both beautifully illustrated) are continued.

T. B. THORPE gives some entertaining reminiscences of the the late "Lewis Gaylord Clark." "Recollections of an Old Stager" are continued; and in "A Night Train for Paradise (Accommodation)" is given a very entertaining bit of genial satire.

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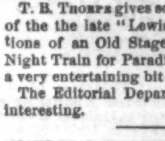

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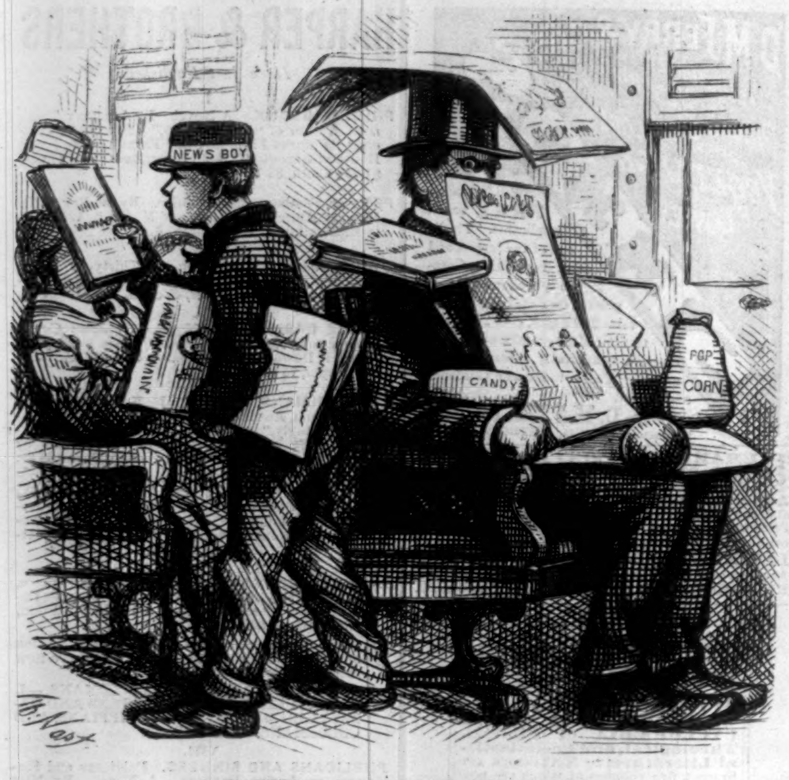

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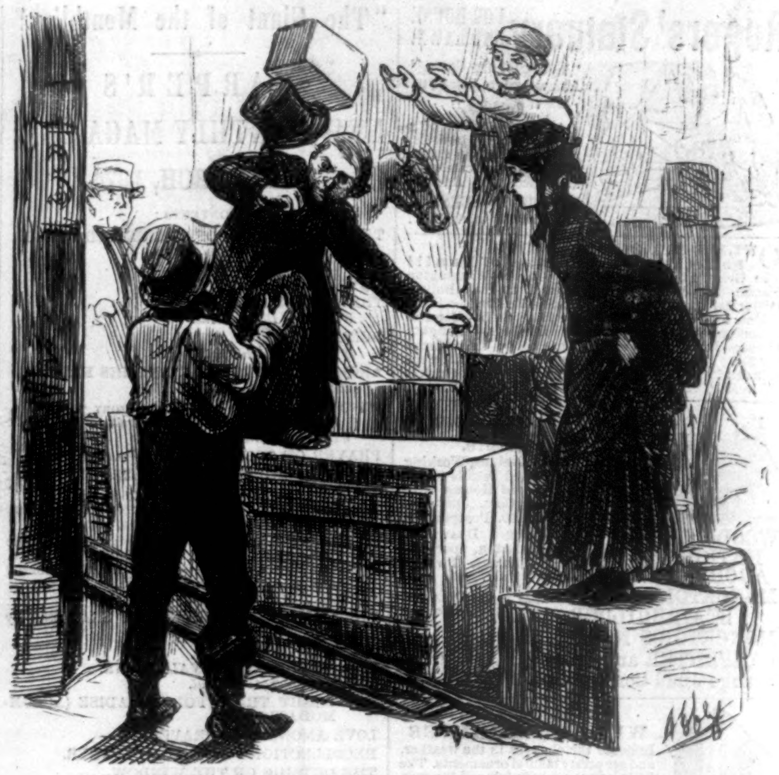

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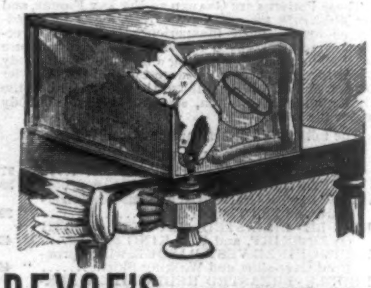

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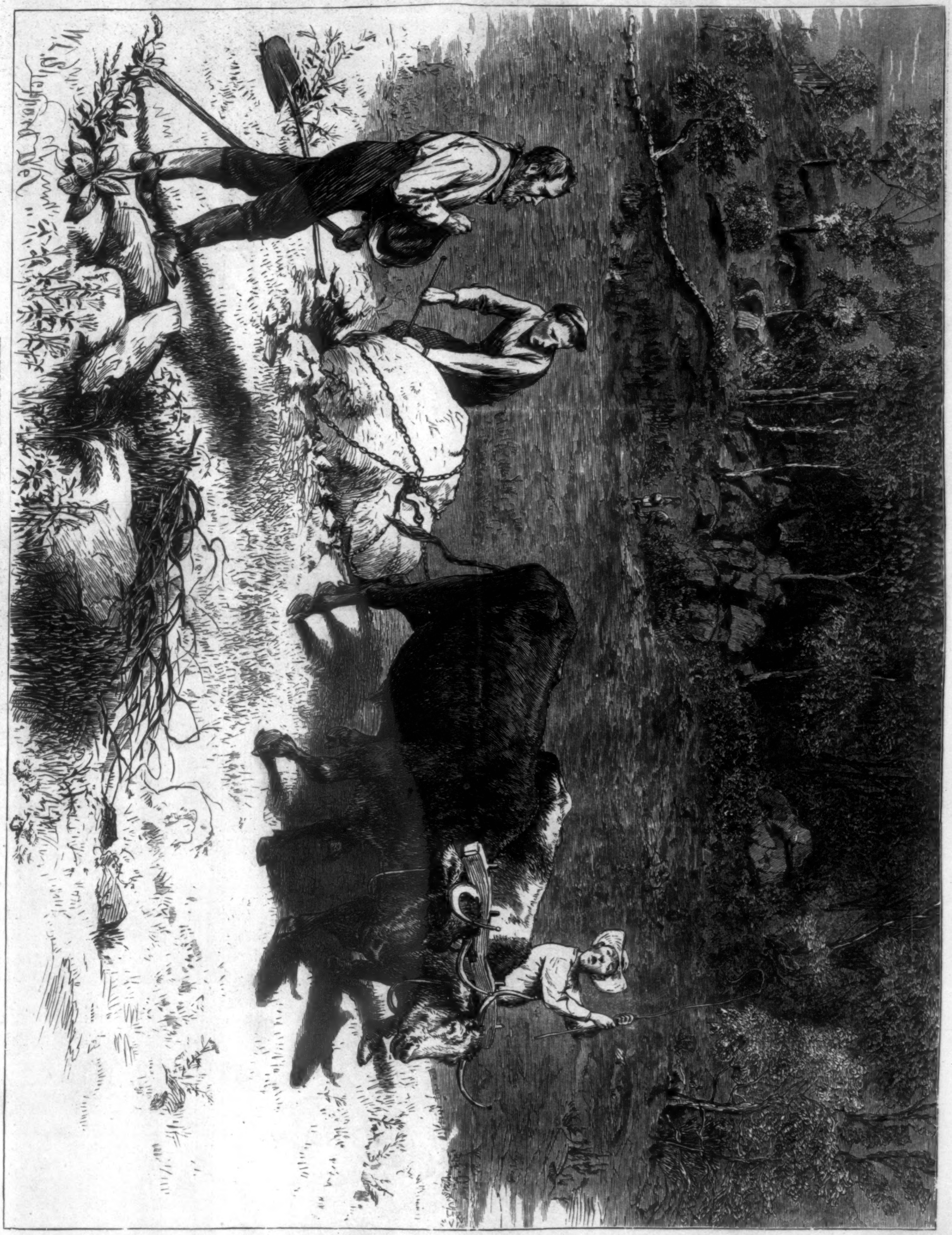
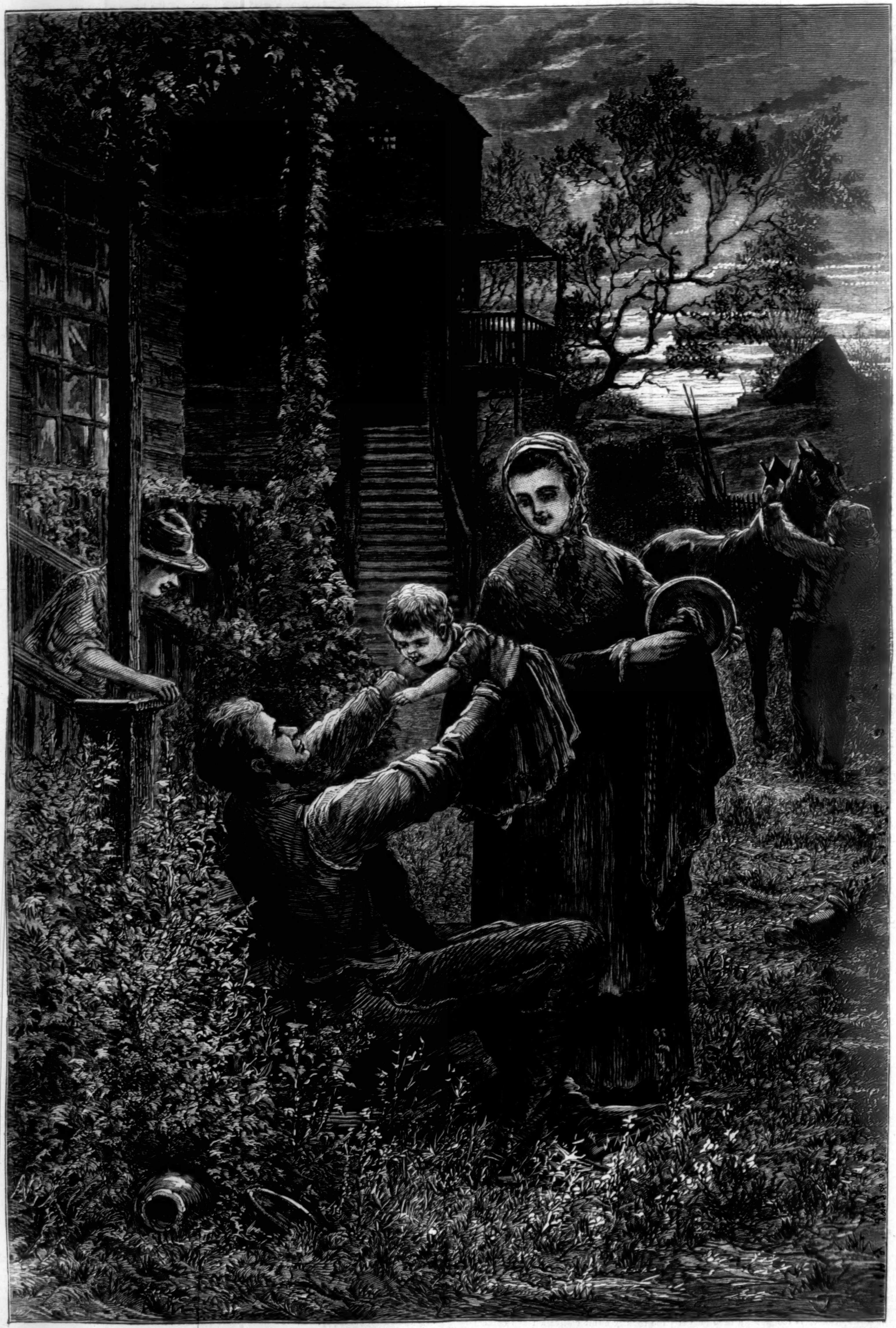
SPRING WORK IN THE COUNTRY.

The farmer readers of *Harper's Weekly*, especially those who cultivate land in some portions of New England, will recognize a familiar incident of spring work in Mr. **Sheppard**'s excellent drawing. The land has been cleared of the primeval forest growth, the stumps have been wrenched out of the soil, and the smaller stones hauled off to build walls, or thrown in heaps by the road-side, where they should be utilized by breaking up to repair the highway, as is done in Germany; and now comes the final work before plowing—dragging away the larger boulders. Where the distance is too great, a deep hole is sometimes dug beside the boulder, in which it is buried, beneath the reach of the plow.

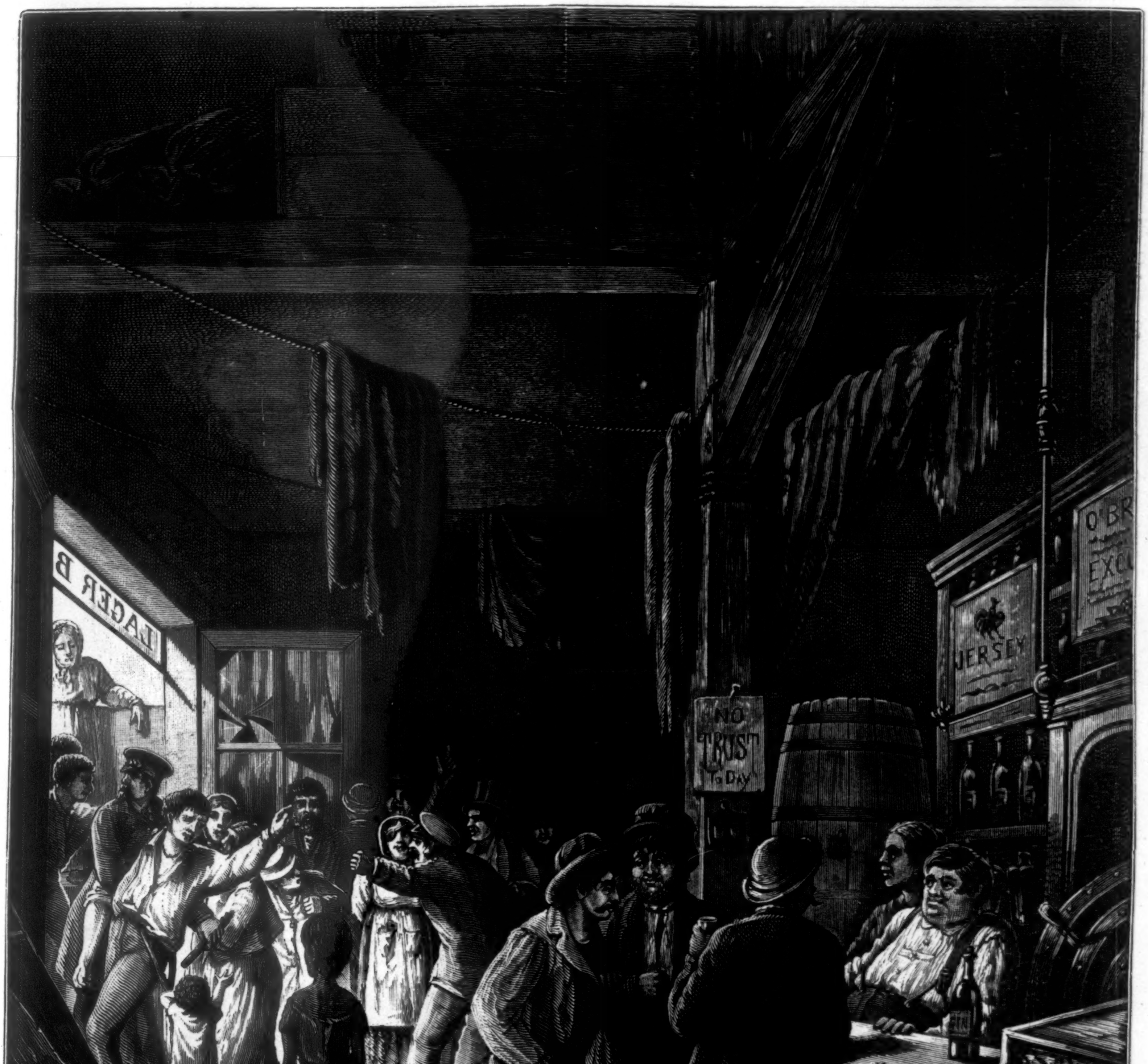
At a time when so much distress exists in all our great cities the attention of the unemployed should be directed to the country, where very soon the farmers will be calling for laborers to assist in the spring work. The overcrowding of cities is one of the most desperate evils of the time. It fills our streets with paupers and criminals; it is the fruitful source of disease. Hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children, unable to find steady employment, are forced into the cellars and garrets of vile tenement-houses. Whole families herd together in a single room, and live on the very refuse of the streets. Meanwhile vast tracts of land in the country await cultivation and development. They need not be sought in the "far West." Our own State and New Jersey each offers magnificent opportunities to all who are willing to live a quiet, industrious, and peaceful life. "The Children's Aid Society" has done a good work for years in sending boys and girls into the country, where they can be free from the temptations and vices of the city, live in comfortable houses, find healthful employment, and earn for themselves an honest independence. Some of them, missing the pernicious excitement of city life, and perhaps disliking the hard work of the farm, have made their way back to New York, averring that they would rather live here on a crust than in plenty on a farm. But the proportion is very small. The greater number who go out are not only contented, but happy. There is no life more independent than that of an industrious farmer. The work is often rough and hard, and there is always plenty of it. But it is chiefly in the open air, and is far more healthful and no harder than many of the trades which city workmen follow shut up in close rooms with the din and racket of machinery. A correspondent of a city journal, writing of the "hardships" to which some lads were subjected in the country, complains that they lived principally on salt meat, coarse bread, and poorly seasoned vegetables, and that their hands were black with the rich loam in which they had to work. Are we to infer that while these lads were running wild in New York, sleeping in damp cellars, in ash bins, or wherever they could find shelter, and buying their scanty meals at some five-cent sidewalk eating bench, they were better off than with the abundant but homely farmer's fare?



SPRING WORK IN THE COUNTRY—CLEARING AWAY STONES.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]



TEMPERANCE, INDUSTRY, AND HAPPINESS.—[Drawn by Frenzeny and Tavernier.]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